

LETTERS FROM MOTHER

A FAMILY BIOGRAPHY IN TWO WORLDS

edited by
Edmund Bentley

Lesley May, mother of three children and now a grandmother, lives a strenuous life in a small village at the foot of the Drakensberg Mountains of North Natal, in South Africa. She helps her husband with the family garage and service station by keeping the books. One of her sons is at school and the elder helps his parents as a motor mechanic in the family business.

Since childhood she has had some of these strange gifts of mediumship, but by far the strangest is her gift of automatic writing, which she prefers to do in the dark.

Lesley May claims in this story that a series of communications in which her mother, matriarch of a large Scottish family, has told of her life in the beyond are truly authentic. Moreover, other members of the family have written through her hand, describing their various transitions, by natural means, by accident and in battle. Something of the pioneering background of life in Africa more than two generations ago is also presented. Throughout this exciting story the fourth dimension remains ever closely woven to the earth. Its simple sincerity and conviction will convince the mourner that there is no death.

Through the automatic writing of Lesley May:
“Messages of Peace and Goodwill from The Brotherhood of Light”.

DEDICATED

To those who mourn, that they may be comforted; to those who are, as yet, unaware of truth,
that they may be free; to those in darkness, that they may receive light.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

1ST GENERATION

James William McLean. dec. Husband of Ethel Grace McLean.

Ethel Grace McLean. dec. Principal communicator of “The Letters”.

William McLean. dec. refd. to as “Uncle Buffalo.” Brother of J. W. McLean.

Walter McLean. Brother of above. Father of Vivian. dec.

CHILDREN OF JAMES AND ETHEL McLEAN.

Douglas. Killed in Delville Wood. First World War. A Communicator.

Clifford. Killed at Arras. First World War. A Communicator.

Grace. On earth. Widow of “Uncle Steve”.

Beatrice. On earth. Mother of “Cliffy”.

Marjorie. On earth, a sister.

Lesley. On earth. Sole recipient of “The Letters”. Automatist. Mother of Donald.

Phyllis. Still-born. A Communicator.

Jock. The youngest son. On earth.

3RD GENERATION

Cliffy. dec. Grandson of Ethel McLean. A Communicator.

Donald. dec. Grandson of Ethel McLean. A Communicator.

4TH GENERATION

Richard. dec. Grandson of Lesley May.

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FOREWORD

Most stories which claim to come from realms beyond the physical, deal with people and events that are very similar to those on earth. The communicators are those who have recently made their transition into an existence which, in the main, approximates, rather than differs from our own.

It is only when we come to study some of the rules which govern their post-mortem life that we begin to discern the vast hidden differences of the fourth dimension from the three dimensional perspective.

This similarity has been used by the sceptic to cast doubt upon the probity of these tales. "That borne from which no traveller returns" is, increasingly, being shown up as a false assumption by a wealth of psychic literature, yet the critic argues that were the future existence

true, more originality would stem from its source.

This argument is, in turn, fallacious, because it must be obvious that only those things explicable in human terms can be understood by us citizens of earth. Sensation, emotion, wisdom, which are beyond our limits of comprehension, cannot be shared in experience with those beyond physical form.

Yet, I believe we are governed by thrones, principalities and powers – the vice-regents of the Supreme – invisible though these are to our mortal senses. We are subject to cosmic influences of beings who can and do aid us in our evolution, subject as *they* are to *our* limited free will, in exercising or rejecting an association with them. If these influences apply to us on earth, how much more do similar vibrations from higher realms, come to bear upon the lives of those who have

entered into the near earth planes of consciousness?

Publication of messages between the innumerable worlds of spirit and our earth is becoming the rule rather than the exception these days. Public interest and curiosity in the "life unseen" continues to grow. In spite of this, the act of transition between world and world is awe inspiring and fearsome to millions of men and women, who know that, willy-nilly, they will all become principals in this act one day.

So these recorded letters are written with a purpose. They are given to the world, in order that the average person, who has made no previous contact with his dear ones in spirit, may know that, at the moment of dying, all is well. They are meant, both to assuage all fears of dying and to comfort the mourner. It is hoped that their simplicity will carry their own aura of truth.

Perhaps, the modern world is tiring of the arguments and counter-arguments of those who are unconvinced of survival and those who are, completely, converted. Man prefers a pinch of illustration to a whole ton of hypothetical theorizing.

With this in mind, I have studiously refrained from extraneous commentary and have allowed the messengers to tell their own stories. Every character is a real person, either having completed, or still completing his life upon the earthly stage. Each event is based upon recorded fact and has received no tinge of colour, nor addition, from any fertile imagination of my own. I have, however, edited the available data by presenting it in an acceptable pattern.

The existence of the story is entirely due to two remarkable women, a mother and daughter. The former has evinced a dynamic determination to convey to earth certain

experiences she has undergone, after her earthly journey was completed. She has striven thus, in order to help the multitudes who will, inevitably, undergo similar experiences.

“Mother” was a true matriarch when on earth, and, I imagine, much of this maternal force, blending love and solicitude for her family clan, still survives her transition. Her adventures are a common denominator of the adventures-to-come of a section of humanity. I do not mean that Granny McLean has formed an exact blueprint for each individual. To each of us, our individual experiences are unique, and solely applicable to ourselves. But the familiar pattern of these recorded experiences is, itself, valuable, just because of the simplicity of the telling.

None of this could have been born, however, without the family bond of affinity with the daughter, Mrs. Lesley May, still on earth. Her

psychic gift of automatic writing, coupled with her patient inclination to pay heed to the voice of spirit and, above all, to spare time to record it during a very busy life, has provided the seed for the germination of these messages.

The personalities speak for themselves, almost entirely from the “heavenly fields” and from the angle and perspective of the beyond.

Edmund Bentley Durban, Natal South Africa

Chapter One
MOTHER UNDAUNTED

Mother's early married life was mainly spent in ox wagons, but everything interested her, from Women's Suffrage to growing beans in the back garden. I was the youngest but one of her seven children. Her early pioneering days took place before I was born, yet their legend is as real as most childhood fables in comparison with the blur of passing current events.

Mother's middle years were the background to my own childhood and her old age set an indelible impression, because I participated in it. She was a dynamic character, always pioneering the frontiers of progress, fearless and undaunted.

I, Lesley May, housewife, mother of three sons, trained nursing sister and automatic writing medium, am attempting to interpret what, perhaps, is inexplicable. At all events, *these* thoughts are created by my *own* free will. I am

using my *own* brain to record certain facts of memory. No creative urge bubbles up from hidden depths of my subconscious to guide my hand in darkness my hand moving independently of the guidance of my own directing consciousness. I can and do here guide my pen. I see each letter. I can stop and re-start them when I wish. Moreover, I think each thought in advance of writing it down.

None of this happens when my mother, Ethel Grace McLean, writes through me. Mother passed to the next life on the 23rd March, 1956, aged eighty-two. I have now been using this gift of automatic writing for the past seven years. It is different from conscious, creative writing. Right at the beginning, I was slightly put off by one of those loose thinking generalizations. A dogmatic psychical researcher told me that one's ideas sprang from the subconscious mind – whatever that may mean. Ever since, I have been pernickety and insist on total darkness at the time of writing. I do not, consciously, know what my

hand is writing and only when I turn on the light in my little sanctuary – a circular rondawel in my garden – am I able to read back the scrawly pencilled spirit writing which is joined up, line by line, and receive a meaning from the actions of my right hand.

My mother and father were both born in South Africa. They were true pioneers of a country that was divided between the British Colony of Natal and the old Boer Republics of the Transvaal and Free State. In addition to us seven children, there was a still-born child who grew up in spirit, whom my mother refers to by the name of Phyllis. My father's brother, William, was known to my generation as Uncle Buffalo. He, together with my parents, had attempted to trek into Mashonaland – now part of Southern Rhodesia – but had been stopped at the border. My family, consisting of father, mother, this uncle and my eldest brother, three months old, had purchased several wagons which had joined up with a larger convoy, taking supplies to the

British troops stationed across the Limpopo River, during the time of the Matabele rebellion. My family had intended to settle, by taking up land in the sparsely colonized Rhodesia's.

They never reached their objective. The convoy was halted on the banks of the Limpopo and their native servants were murdered by a raiding party of Matabele, under the very wagon in which my mother and her babe were sleeping. The rest of the convoy crossed the border, but it was considered too dangerous for mother and her child to go with them, as the crying of the baby might give away their position at night. She was the only woman in the convoy.

Then a second disaster befell the little family left behind. This was an acute epidemic of rinderpest, a dread animal disease, which was taking a heavy toll of game and cattle at that time. It wiped out their entire span of trek oxen. There was nothing that my father could do but set off on foot to cover the one hundred miles to

the nearest trading post, in order to buy donkeys, immune to the disease, to bring his family back.

Mother never seemed to think there was anything particularly heroic in being left on the banks of the Limpopo with a young baby, a small dog and a gun, to fend for herself until her husband returned. The bush was infested with wild animals and the river with crocodiles. It was not long before the crocodiles devoured the dog, which was snatched from practically under her nose as she was getting water for the baby's bath.

In all the years of my mother's married life, she never had a home with water running from a tap; it always had to be carried, bucket by tedious bucket, from some river or spring. I never heard her complain about that either. I Her only complaint in regard to the Limpopo episode was that she had not succeeded in crossing the river border into Rhodesia.

She did, however, achieve her object during the final year of her earthly life. In a glorious three weeks holiday, she realized the ambition of a lifetime, climbed the Matopos, viewed the Victoria Falls and was chased by a hippo on the banks of the Lundi River. Her doctor had recommended a quiet motor tour, as he said the exertion of a train journey would be too much for her failing heart. Mother considered she had had a glorious holiday. She was none the worse for her adventures.

To return to the more remote past, having failed to reach the promised land of the Rhodesia's, mother and father looked about them for fresh virgin soil to conquer and, eventually, made their way to the Drakensberg mountains of North Natal. All their worldly possessions, three wagons, loaded with supplies, were left abandoned on the banks of the Limpopo. The team of donkeys were only able to return with one sparsely loaded vehicle.

They built a little cottage in the mountains, far from rail or road, the nearest supply post sixty miles distant. Mother was the first and only white woman in the district. Natives there were by the hundreds, baboons, some game, birds, snakes and wild life teemed in an abundance of fecundity, now forgotten in this latter half of the Twentieth Century. Gradually other settlers filtered in and our home became the social centre of the neighbourhood. Our trees, crops, house and vegetable garden grew into a civilized pattern around our homestead. Pioneering days imperceptibly merged into the semi-pioneering, of a cluster of remote farms, still situated in what was considered the back-of-beyond. Mother had a genius for management. She organized everything and everyone and, above all, she loved picnics and parties.

My earliest recollections are of being awakened at the first hint of dawn and being bundled into a covered wagon, in company with two elder brothers and three sisters. Numerous baked

chickens, boiled hams, loaves of bread and mounds of cakes and biscuits surrounded us. Mother had organized a fishing picnic at which every family in the district would be present. Picnics, dances, gymkhanas – mother organized them all and did the catering as well.

Politics, sport, religion, everything was grist to mother's mill. In her spare time, she attended to the education of her family. There was nothing haphazard about her. Strict rules were followed. There were times to study and times to play. The years passed and the family scattered. Two unnamed graves, in Delville Wood and Arras had made their mark on that stout heart of hers. For the first World War had claimed both her elder sons.

Her strong, forthright nature yielded to an earthly hatred of everything German. It was only in the beyond that she was confronted with the results of this, where seeds had been sown on earth. Her other children married and their joys and sorrows

became her own. Though distance separated, there was always the weekly letter from mother to bridge the gap.

One speaks of “the twilight of their days” of other elderly people. But the term was never applicable to mother. My father departed to the heavenly fields in his ninetieth year and mother followed him two years later. She rounded off her life in a characteristic manner. She had always yearned to fly because she loved the modern things and, to her, flying was right up to the present minute. So my eldest sister chartered a small plane and took her for a holiday. She loved every minute of the adventure and came to no harm by it.

But some months later, the end of the earthly road had been reached; that stout old heart that had served her so well fluttered to a standstill. Not, however, before mother had gathered her family around her. She could never resist a party, even when the final curtain was imminent. While

she was organizing her farewells, death must wait.

The call went out from far and near, through swollen rivers and muddy roads her family battled their way to her bedside. Mother was beyond speech, but her eager eyes searched each arrival. One was missing. She knew that the distance was too great and this, her beloved youngest son, would not be there to see her off. But she folded her hands and waited. Then his telegram arrived. Her face lit up with a beautiful smile when we read it to her. Then she closed her eyes as the frail thread that bound her to her earthly body quietly severed. Mother was off on a new adventure.

Echoing through the dim corridor of the years, from the far off days of my childhood, I could hear my mother’s voice, proclaiming:

“Life is real. Life is earnest.
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.”

It was not long before we started getting “letters from mother”.

Perhaps, I should say something more about this mysterious gift of automatic writing which came to me, like an unwanted babe, about seven years ago. My sister Grace and I had been idly doodling one evening with pencils. We were curious to discover if there was any truth in the practice, or any independence in the movements of our pencils. Suddenly, an unknown force seemed to control my hand and a personality, who signed himself Leo Radyer, wrote through me: “Come, all ye faithful! Give thanks to God.” This writer, subsequently, told us that he was one of my controls and that he was a member of the Order of St. Francis.

I did not place much credence on all this at the time, but shortly afterwards my small son, Donald, who had been killed in a tragic accident at the age of seven, many cars ago, took up the pencil and announced his presence. I was both astounded and delighted to find that there were discarnate beings who were able to control my hand with such ease. By the end of the year, the psychic stream was flowing and I received much advice from another entity, Brother Benedict, to have faith and persevere.

These discarnate beings seemed to attach tremendous importance to our forging a link between: their lives and ours. They affirmed that many on earth could be vastly helped by such communications. I, at that time, I must confess, was inclined to be luke-warm. I was both a busy housewife and, at the same time, sharing in the running of my husband’s small business and I felt that my time was fully occupied with material things.

Even now, after considerable experience of spirit communication through this method, I have no original theories about it. Others have analysed, probed and queried, sometimes learnedly, sometimes, it seems to me, very stupidly. But, in course of time, I came to accept the fact that I was a human channel for numerous discarnate beings. I found that writing in total darkness, though inconvenient, did bolster my ego; that is; lend support to my conviction that I, Lesley May, had nothing to do with the sense, meaning or sentences that were being relayed through my moving right hand. I still remain unaware of them till the light is turned on.

My undaunted mother, however, soon found that there were many obstacles to her pressing claims to use me as an earthly channel. At first, she was not ready to communicate, as she had to absorb many lessons in adjustment to her new environment. She thought she could do it straight away! Secondly, there were “higher messengers”, who had prior claims. Their

messages were of a teaching character. I was told I should never be allowed to become, solely, a channel for evidential communication between earth and the newly departed. This latter was to be regarded as a luxury, a kind of occasional reward for being a good teaching instrument.

Finally, at no time, have I desired to indulge in automatic writing. Like the late Hester Dowden, I have found it, more often than not, an unconscionable nuisance. It intrudes upon a busy life where there are not enough hours in the twenty-four to do all the things necessary to accomplish.

Latterly, mother has been waking me up in the early hours of morning to write through me while I am reclining in bed. Fortunately, I can sleep at any time I close my eyes, so this sacrifice of sleep does not unduly worry me. I am conscious of this enormous difference between her world and mine. Mine is subject to severe time restrictions, to fatigue and

exhaustion, to conflicting claims and responsibilities. Hers seems to have boundless energy and no conflict of duties. She lives, somehow, in a kind of time infinity where it is always NOW.

My childhood has been spent in the freedom of the hills, in the company of birds and animals and in close communication with nature. I have had many psychic experiences which were dismissed by my friends and relations as the outpourings of an over-active and too vivid imagination. So I quickly learned that it was wiser not to mention these experiences.

I realize now that I have been in contact with the spirit world since that early childhood, but it is only recently that I have been able to accept the reality of this contact. Those who have passed through the veil of death and have reached higher spheres of spiritual understanding, perceive our needs and beam back to us a measure of the light that has been vouchsafed to them.

Chapter Two **FIRST IMPRESSIONS**

Oh! my darlings! I am so thrilled to have been granted this privilege and I do hope I am going to discharge my obligation in a worthy manner. All the family are standing near to help me. You know we have great difficulty in maintaining the power. So much is needed for this work. This “power” is a kind of thought concentration and prayer, blended together. In this new life, we are taught to ask for help from our Heavenly Father and things just seem to begin to happen.

If a band of family associates learn to tune-in their thoughts together, they can actually make a real contact with you on earth. We think powerfully, asking for God’s help, and we find ourselves in your presence. But we have to discipline our resources.

For instance, it may surprise you to know that it is strictly apportioned to various types of work, such as healing, giving help to the mentally distressed, preserving the balance of nature, obviating and diverting accidents and thousands of other uses which are all so important to us. If only you could all realize this power and use it, or even realize how important it is in your lives, such wonderful progress could be attained on earth.

You, girls, must forgive a mother's first flush of enthusiasm! Dad says I am off at a tangent and that I must start at the beginning and tell you, in as much detail as possible, of my birth into this new existence.

Leading events, up to my actual transition, are rather vague to me at this moment. Dad says they will clarify in perspective later on. I remember feeling dizzy, and then, there were intervals of blankness, interspersed with flashes of acute awareness. It was as if I were coming from the

misty bedside and plunging into a series of very clear impressions and then returning to the misty consciousness once more. I just did not know where I was.

Sometimes I would hear the voices of you, girls, rather distantly, and, sometimes, it would be Dad who was bending over my bed. I would see the boys standing in the room, too. I realized that something was happening to me and that there was nothing I could do about it. I didn't feel any pain, fear or discomfort. But it was all very odd. I don't think I realized I was dying. I just felt very tired and waited to see what would happen.

I am told by others here whom I have talked to, that it was an ideal transition. It was, at all events, a most interesting experience. I thought I had been dozing, when, suddenly, I felt very wide awake and all the heavy feeling and terrible tiredness was gone. *Then I realized I was floating above my body.* You and Grace were in the room attending to my poor old shell. Others

of the family had left the room, temporarily, while this was being done. I did not realize that I had left this shell for good. But it was a pleasant feeling to be free and, as you know, Lesley, I had read about astral travelling and I just thought to myself: "Well, I have accomplished this much. Now what shall I do? Walk in the garden?"

Up to that time, I seemed to be alone, but now I found myself out in the garden and Dad was with me. He said: "Come for a little walk with me, Ethel." Well, we just strolled about for a while and I had quite forgotten he was supposed to be dead. Then he said: "Come, Ethel, it is time we were going. I want to show you your new home."

Then I remembered how anxious you girls were about me and I thought: "Oh, dear, I had better get back to bed before they find I am missing". So I said: "No, Jim. I have been ill and the girls would never let me travel so soon after a fall. In fact, I think I had better go back to bed now". He

just looked at me with that smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye, but didn't say anything. We went back to the bedroom and I was quite shocked to see that my body had been prepared for burial. Dad took my arm and said: "Come away, my dear. You are finished with that for ever". Then I really was quite alarmed and said: "Do you really mean that I am dead?" "What the world calls 'dead'. Yes, my dear. But there are other worlds and other lives. Will you come with me now?"

But I answered: "Don't be ridiculous, Jim. I never felt so well in my life. Even my sight has improved. I can see everything so clearly". I now began to think that I was dreaming and that, presently, I would wake up to find that I was back in my own bed. Dad kept urging me to go with him. You know how persistent he can be!

But I was determined not to listen to him and felt that I should find out for myself what had really happened. So I went into the lounge and sat

down quietly, to think about it. After a time, the conviction grew that I was not just dreaming and that I was, indeed, “dead”.

I next went to Marjorie and tried to explain this to her. She was so distressed, poor child. But, of course, she could not hear me. However, she did seem calmer and I felt that I had helped her in some way. In fact, this was my first lesson in surrounding someone on earth with positive thoughts, while remaining invisible to them.

The rest of you were quiet and controlled and I was grateful to you all, because your sensible attitude helped me to get a grip on myself. Well, I finally decided that I would just stay quietly, until my body had been safely buried. I don't know why it should have seemed important to me, but it did at the time. I have talked to many people here and the majority of them tell me that they, too, attended their own funerals.

I dare say it is because the majority of my generation have been brought up with the church

dogma of the Resurrection Day and feel they would like to know exactly where to find their bodies. Goodness knows, how they expect to find them if they have been blown to pieces in an explosion, or if they are burnt by fire.

When one finds oneself as we are here, clothed in perfect bodies, the old idea of the churches appears pointless and ridiculous. But it is astonishing to me that there are people on earth who still subscribe to it. Yet I, on this occasion, paid a kind of reluctant tribute to the hoary old lie, by remaining close by till my funeral had taken place.

I was later to learn, that even in my new country, there were masses of people who continued to believe in the orthodox resurrection of the churches, not recognizing the fact of their actual passing as being anything more than a prolonged earth dream. These people direct their thoughts downwards to the physical in a continuous

stream and, thus, fail to make any progress in evolution.

But, again, I digress. As I was saying, I attended the funeral and admired all the beautiful flowers. Dad and Buffalo were with me. We, three, found it a solemn occasion because, to me; it was the ending of a chapter. Both had already experienced this and, so, understood my feelings. I was reluctant to leave you, children, as I felt that there were many things that I should have done and had not completed. But, as Dad pointed out, there was nothing I could do about it now. Thus, there was no point in lingering.

Still, I wanted to go back to the homestead at Glenbush and this we did. I had, you see, no sense of time and completely failed to realize that actual days had passed since leaving my earth body. Dad and Buffalo were very patient with me. Finally, I reached the realization that there was no point in staying.

We strolled up the valley and I thought how wonderful it was to be strong and full of vitality. Buffalo jokingly said that all we needed was the old ox wagon in which we had set off on our travels to Mashonaland.

At this point, a great sense of adventure came over me. I felt quite ready to set out with them in search of a new life. But shortly after this, I began to get tired again. Dad, however, told me not to worry, just to lean on them and they would take me to a place where I could rest. I, then, seemed to sleep again, for a while.

When I came to, little Donald was sitting beside my I bed and was so thrilled and excited that I had recognized him. He went rushing off to call the others. What a family re-union! I was quite overcome with the joy of it all, yet nothing, in a mysterious way, seemed at all strange.

I know now that I had often visited this plane of life in my sleep and you will be surprised to know that you all come here on occasions. It is

hard for us, here, to realize that you have no conscious memories of these visits, for when you are in your astral bodies, you can see, hear and speak to us quite normally.

The reason for this is that were you to remember the beauties of this existence, you would be reluctant to return to your duties on earth. It is so important, I am told, that earth life should be lived and experienced to the full, without evasions. Only thus is the foundation of your future character and personality developed.

I want to give you, now, some first impressions of a general character of this new life. I will fill in a lot more details in subsequent letters, when I have mastered, more clearly, the technique of communicating with you on earth.

I, still, feel just a poor old woman in experience, yet my spirit body has the resilience, endurance and vital elasticity of a woman in her prime – this, and far, far more. I am overwhelmed by this wonderful personal atmosphere of zest. It is a

kind of perpetual soul optimism, compounded of relief and thankfulness to God, that all the dreams and visions, hopes and faith, which I was allowed on occasions during my earthly days, have materialized into a result which is far more glorious than my highest, noblest and most cheerful dream ever could be.

You see, my darling girls, mother is experiencing a stage – oh, so little in advance of the last – which is, definitely, a step nearer her divine Father. We begin to see His love surrounding us so much more clearly. But we gain this advantage – and what a privilege it is – that the veil has been lifted and the delectable mountains are in sight, in the far off distance. We *know* that we are on the road to immortality, at last, *because* we have experienced the first tiny definite step. What a relief and joy to find ourselves here! It is indescribable, this blending of feeling, reverence and overwhelming joy.

But, here again, I am rambling on. First impression is of the seeming solid nature of our new territory. The fields and streams, mountains, seas and even houses, gardens and the first city I visited, all are as real and substantial as those on earth. But oh, the extraordinary vividness of it all. The air has an extra translucent quality; birds, animals, wild and domestic, are fearless and tame, the flowers and the grass give out a subtle melody, which, as our ears grow more in tune to our environment, merges into precious strains of harmonic sound. Our five senses become enhanced. They are extensions rather than replicas of the earthly senses.

After a very little while, I kind of took these preliminary aids to life and living for granted, but their effects achieved a perpetual total of well-being which sustained the exquisite satisfaction of just being alive under those supernal circumstances.

It took me quite a time to realize that we were all living in a thought world and that one's personal thoughts had a far more immediate effect on one's surroundings than when on earth. For instance, one of my first lessons that Dad, Donald and the two elder boys showed me was that of locomotion. It is easy to walk in beautiful surroundings without getting tired, but I learnt that by casting my thoughts on a particular place and holding the thought steadily in my mind, I could be there, in fact.

After a time, this act of thinking becomes second nature and we learn to control it, as well as to project ourselves across distances. We can, of course, regulate our speed, from what seems to us to be instantaneous projection, to that of the flight of an aeroplane, or a bird. How I have blessed that aeroplane holiday with darling Grace. It has given me a mysterious kind of standard of comparison with the earthly counterpart, which I should have missed, had I not finally had the experience. The earthly

adventure, in its entirety, I am daily learning, is inextricably interconnected with our experience over here. It is the weave of a similar pattern of living, of which the coloured skeins are sewn on earth and the glorious texture seems to blossom out in this life. Since I am mixing my metaphors and this subtle power-thing, which everyone considers here, is running out, I must stop for this occasion. Our love is ever with you all.

Chapter Three **MOTHER FINDS HER LEVEL**

This is going to be a difficult chapter to write, because, unless you have experienced it, you can have no idea of the spiritual presences that surround you, nor, indeed, of the state of consciousness of a soul awakening after transition. I am going to try and describe to you how I found my level here.

I use the word level, because it seems to be the only one that meets the case, but it is inadequate, to give the impression that I wish to convey. After complete consciousness had dawned and I was fully aware that my earth life had ended, I went through a period what one might almost describe as dissatisfaction. To me, it did not seem that I *deserved* such perfect surroundings. I did not feel that I had earned them.

Dad had taken me to the beautiful home that all the family had helped prepare for me. Each one

had contributed some special feature. These “features” are materialized from our atmosphere by concentrated thought. I have already said that our solids are prepared by a process of thinking in the specific details, then, when the mental blue-print is made up in exact detail to our requirements, it is fixed in its required form and is beyond decay, or dissolution, until the time comes when we no longer require it. Then, it can evaporate into our ether, as the concept and outward form returns to the divine source. You, girls, would love my present home. Well, I still had this unaccountable feeling of unrest, so felt I must have a period alone to adjust myself.

Thought takes immediate effect here. It is, at times, quite disconcerting. Everyone simply vanished. I felt myself quite alone and not a little frightened. The whole landscape, too, seemed to fade away and it was as though I were standing on the top of a mountain, looking down on a sea of mist. Then pictures began to form and I found myself reviewing every event in my earthly life

in detail, feeling all the emotions of love, or hate, or indifference, in an intensified form, which accompanied each detail of living. But this vision was, somewhat, extended.

Above and surrounding the vision of my own life, I beheld the pattern I had created in the lives of others through my reaction to each situation. I, too, felt emotions of those who had been influenced by my thoughts or actions for either good, or evil. The terrible reactions of hate and bitterness appalled me, for in this I seemed to have been particularly guilty, especially against the Germans. You, girls, will understand this, for you know how bitterly I resented the boys’ deaths in the 1914-1918 war.

A vast black cloud seemed to build up around me, with scaring flames of terrible intensity. It was as if I were experiencing all the suffering and heartbreak of all humanity. Particularly did I feel the despair of mothers of all nations, who had lost their sons in battle. I realized the cosmic

unity of all those who grieve. Below were the black clouds of despair, from which leapt upwards the warring flames of hatred. I saw the grey smouldering corruption of the battle-fields throughout the ages and I beheld multitudes of bewildered souls, struggling for release from their shattered bodies.

In this way, I realized the full horror of war in all its implications; the sufferings of all humanity, torn by fear and hate. This, I felt, is the pit of everlasting flame. It seemed I was, indeed, in hell. I knelt and prayed aloud for deliverance, not only for myself, but for all mankind, for I had seen that all are one in the pattern of the whole, yet that each individual holds a personal responsibility in the Great Scheme. I longed to do something, anything, to eradicate my personal guilt.

The blackness faded and the flames died down. All about me became a whirling impenetrable grey mist in which I was groping. I was

conscious of others near me, yet they did not seem to see me. I was in a lost world of indecision, yet I felt there was a guiding voice that was leading me on, if I would but pause to listen. The words of the 23rd Psalm, always my favourite, as you all know, came to my mind.

“I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me”.

I kept repeating the verses to myself and, presently, I saw a shaft of light penetrating the mist. I made my way towards it. As I drew nearer, I found the light was given out by a radiant being, an angel in very truth. He stretched forth his hands towards me and said: “Come with me”.

I cannot describe to you the wisdom and compassionate understanding of that radiant presence. I felt awed and elated, humbled, yet exalted. He led me to the brink of what I shall always think of as the Mount of Revelation. Again, I experienced my earth life in relation to others. This time I was shown what one might

term the credit side; the unfolding of light generated by love, the small kindly actions and the power of positive thoughts.

This vision, also, faded and I was reviewing the pattern as a whole, patches of darkness shading imperceptibly into light. This was the progression of my soul. The purpose of seemingly tragic events as experienced on earth, was revealed to me, together with the subtle process of building of individual character; through adversity came the gradual awakening of the soul.

I realized the *purpose* of my life. It was a tremendous revelation! *I was granted a glimmer of the perception of the wonderful underlying and enveloping perfection of God in all creation.* Oh, my darlings, if only I could pass on this understanding to each one of you! But I am so grateful that I am allowed to tell you of my experience. If my feeble efforts to describe it

give you any measure of understanding, I shall be so happy.

It was told to me that I would be brought into contact with all those others whose influence had, in any measure, affected my earth life, or that I, in turn, had influenced by my thoughts, words or deeds, whether on the credit, or the debit side.

It is, in this way, that one's status of service is determined on this plane of life and one is given the opportunity to right past wrongs, if one has the desire to do so. There is no compulsion, for one is free to do exactly as one likes about one's individual progress.

I am told that there are many who refuse to accept responsibility and that these sink back into the grey spheres of inertia and indecision, until they are prepared to face up to their own realities. It has not been easy to convey to you this description – to put a poignant spiritual experience into words – but there are many, I am

sure, who will receive a certain measure of understanding from it all.

Each one of us here longs, oh, so deeply, to help. You see, all our feelings are intensified and those who have been privileged to send back a message to your world do so long for it to be understood. As I write this, I feel I have not yet reached the stage where I can, completely, adopt the longer term viewpoint, that of allowance for your development at your own pace. Everything connected with family is still tied so closely to me, both on earth and over here.

I told Dad all about my experience on the Mount of Revelation. He, in turn, told me of his experience, which was altogether different in essential details. No two souls are judged in exactly the same way, as no two people have reacted in the same way to their life experiences as you can readily understand. Each can speak only of his individual experience and reactions; for this, of course, is a personal assessment, a

self-judging and self-assessing of his spiritual advancement.

It is the awareness of responsibility that balances the scale. For instance, Dad told me that he suffered pangs of remorse for all the animals he had either killed, or eaten, during his life on earth, while this had not troubled me one whit. I always did enjoy my roast beef and have not, as yet, reached the stage of spiritual advancement where I can accept responsibility for this.

Dad assures me that the time will come and this I can believe and accept; but, at least, I am not piling up any added sins in that direction here. There is no roast beef to tempt me. In fact, the food problem does not exist. I luxuriate in the knowledge that I no longer have to rack my brains as to what to give the family for dinner, as I spent so much of my earth life doing. I know this will be a cheering thought for you, too, Lesley!

It may seem a small thing, but it goes a long way towards building spiritual contentment and is a reward for a task done conscientiously during one's life on earth. You will be surprised to find that great spiritual value is attached to even the most mundane of tasks on earth. A job well done builds another firm rung on the ladder of advancement.

Whatever you put off doing, or do in a slipshod manner, will still have to be faced and dealt with, though the form it takes may be altered on this plane. This is no more a place for slackers than the earth plane is; everyone is very busy putting themselves to rights according to their new perception of values.

Now I do want to tell you about the family. Donald first showed himself to me as the little boy I expected to see and it was only later, when I was able to accept the logic of his having grown up, that he appeared as the strapping lad he now is. He is a very advanced soul and an

ardent worker for spiritual progress on your earth. We don't see much of him, but when he comes to "family gatherings", he is radiant with light and happiness and full of quiet humour.

He says, you always think of him as "polishing the brass in the temple"! In this you are not far wrong. It is a great joy to him that you were able to maintain a spiritual contact with him throughout the years and this helped him greatly to make the break through for your guides when you started automatic writing.

He loves relating the story of your first sitting with Edmund Bentley at the Osborne Hotel, Durban, to people here who still do not believe that it is possible for us to communicate with the earth plane. He gives an amusing burlesque of the whole proceeding, which has won many doubters over to coming to see for themselves, when we are making attempts to contact you. I can assure you that these attempts are often fraught with humorous incidents, which Donald

appreciates to the full. As I know, you have a great spiritual awareness of his activities and can visualize him, I will pass on to Phyllis.

As I had no mental picture of the baby I had lost at the time of her birth, she showed herself to me as the beautiful girl she is. She bears a striking resemblance to Grace, but is more ethereal looking. She has beautiful chestnut coloured hair and very blue eyes.

There is a certain quality about people who have grown up in the spirit world that sets them apart from those who have passed over from earth life. It is impossible to describe; almost a fairy-like wistfulness. You will know what I mean, Lesley, when you meet your own children, who are here waiting for you, for Donald has two brothers and a sister here, whom you have never seen and have no real thought connection with, but who are all waiting for you, nonetheless. They are all devoted to Phyllis who has played a big part in mothering them.

Beatrice, too, has a surprise waiting for her. So you see, I have more grandchildren than I bargained for. Phyllis is a great joy to me and has shown me many interesting places and things. Strangely enough, Douglas and Clifford had not contacted her and she was only drawn to the family group when Dad came over. It was he who had baptized her little dead body and erected that hand carved stone on her little grave.

She was eager to show me the Children's Sphere where she works and where she attained to the spiritual maturity she has now reached.

The Children's Plane has a Walt Disney quality that is utterly fascinating, with a wealth of the most beautiful flowers, shrubs, trees and lawns that you could possibly imagine. It is a real fairy land, where children, animals and birds, all play happily together.

This is, indeed, a spot where "the lion and the lamb lie down together." I, actually, saw a little golden-haired toddler, hugging a woolly lamb in

her arms, leaning confidently against a great shaggy lion which was resting in the shade of a tree. Phyllis tells me that this particular lion had been someone's pet on the earth plane, but had been destroyed, as it became dangerous as it grew older. The owners were sad at the necessity for taking its life, as they were very fond of it. It is this bond of affection which holds it here.

There are a vast number of animals of every description, all dear to the hearts of the children and each plays its part in their development and contributes to their happiness and contentment. If the mothers on the earth could but glimpse the beauty and perfection of these realms, how comforted they would be.

These realms of spirit are not nebulous and static "heavens", as we were so vaguely taught when I was a child. They are very definite, concrete places; hives of activity, where individual souls are experiencing conditions necessary to their advancement. We are blessed with a wider, but

by no means perfect vision, of the purpose underlying it all. Here, there are endless opportunities to learn.

Still, to many people, life is just a glorified continuation of their earth lives, without all the worry and discomfort. They bask, happily, in this state of blissful contentment, which they have, undoubtedly, earned. It suffices their needs at the moment. There is no compulsion to seek further, if it is not your wish to do so.

But I am, again, wandering from the point, for I set out to tell you about the family and must continue to do so. I am going to call Beatrice's Clifford, "Cliffy" from now on, to distinguish him from our Clifford.

He is a dynamo of activity, engaging in an endless pursuit of learning, as well as providing practical assistance to new arrivals. But I will give you a more detailed account of him later. I am proud of my grandchildren and marvel at the

extent of their knowledge and understanding. They have taught me a great deal.

Both Douglas and Clifford are busy workers in rescue teams, as they understand, so well, the need of confused souls who pass over with no knowledge of an after-life, as they, too, had suffered this disadvantage in their wartime passings. I see now that they were held back partly by my bitterness and grief and spent a great deal of valuable time trying to comfort me on earth. They both assure me that it was time well spent however, and, in the over-all picture, I suppose it was.

It has been explained to me that their presence on the farm, Morvern, was used by the Brotherhood of Light, as a strong spiritual link through which the Forces of Light were enabled to build up a force-field into which you girls have been drawn. In this manner, you have become workers for the extension of their activities on earth.

My father was strongly drawn to this movement, concentrating his energies, particularly, on influencing Beatrice to seek the spiritual path. As the guides are teaching both us and you, nothing happens by chance.

I think you girls are blessed with a spiritual awareness to which I had not attained. I used to marvel at your calm acceptance of the death of your loved ones and see now, that you realized, if but vaguely, as I now see clearly, that far from being cut off in their prime, as the saying goes, they had completed a mission and earned their return to this lovely sphere to continue their unfoldment.

Dad and Buffalo spend a great deal of their time together and Olive, Clem and Harry visit us frequently, bringing many old friends along as well. Vivian, too, spends much time with Dad. There is a great affinity between them.

My mother, Ida and Charles, are all living together. Father roams as he pleases. He is, at

present, in company with his old friend, Botha,¹ taking a lively interest in the repercussions of political strife in the Union.²

It seems there is much that can be done from this side to channel emotional currents to the promotion of peace, and to divert racial hatreds and disperse them, harmlessly. Dad will not allow me anywhere near this field of activity. He thinks the temptation might prove a little too much for me. Possibly he is right. I, always, was prepared to take a chance on eternal damnation, when I got worked up over the Nationalists. However, I think his fears are really groundless, as I have a wider vision now and have seen the folly of discord and the great need for harmony and peace.

Harmony, indeed, is an urgent need on your planet at the present time! You would all do well

to heed the advice of these great souls who are guiding and advising you and doing their utmost to gain the co-operation of workers in all spheres to further God's great plan of perfection. I am told that the Planet Earth is facing a great spiritual crisis at this moment and that the scales are finely balanced. Your guides have already told you of this is, so I do not need to say more.

¹ Late General Botha. Prime Minister of South Africa.

² Now the Republic of South Africa.

Chapter Four
FURTHER ANECDOTES

You will, I am sure, be anxious to have news of Walter, who so recently came over here. Thanks to the talks you have had with him on earth at different times, he was quite prepared to listen to Vivian and Dad, who went to meet him. Like me, however, he was not entirely convinced immediately, but he insisted on staying for the funeral. This, we all attended, including many of the more distant relations. I know you sensed our presence there, but I did wish you could have seen the colourful gathering. The McLeans and the McKenzies and several old Scots friends of his youth, all sported their tartans and the skirl of spiritual bagpipes, which you, jokingly, alluded to in your letters to the family, were, indeed, a reality. After the excitement of the funeral, he sank into the normal lassitude that follows transition and is now resting in his own room in

an exact replica of his house, which Vivian has prepared for him.

How amazed he will be when he awakens, to find the fruit trees in blossom, the lawns green and the hedge full grown and flowering. For Vivian has duplicated everything in minute detail. The house is built overlooking a valley that is indistinguishable from the site of his old home at Burnera, Natal, which we are all sure will give Walter great pleasure when he awakens to conscious activity in this sphere.

I know you do not want, nor expect thanks, for all the help you offered, but Vivian, particularly, asks me to thank you. He is overjoyed to have his father with him. There is such a strong bond of love between them. He asks, too, that you will tell Michael that he is looking to him to take great care of his mother on earth.

We thank each of you for your prayers, in which we, too, joined with you. *The Power of prayer cannot be too strongly emphasized.* It surrounds

those who are being born into spirit with a tangible radiance and protection, assisting them greatly.

When you pray, it is like switching on a light. You form a connection with the powerhouse of God and direct this wonderful radiance to the one for whom you pray.

It was a great disappointment to Dad to find that God was not in this sphere in the form of a ruling deity. He tells me he had always visualized a Supreme Being presiding on a golden throne surrounded by angels.

Whatever may lie beyond, that is not the case here, although there are ceremonies conducted here by beings from higher spheres which may have given rise to this conception of the conventional heaven, if glimpsed in meditation, or during astral travel, by those who are still on earth.

There are beautiful buildings here that have a translucent radiance, and reflect rainbow colours of light, in an ever-changing shimmering kaleidoscope of patterns, very beautiful to behold. Colour and sound are the predominant features of this sphere. It is quite impossible, adequately, to describe their quality, as you have nothing approximating to it on earth. I see that your mind has flashed to a vision of neon signs and glaring lights, Lesley. I do assure you, it is nothing like that, dear. This is an harmonious blending. Sound produces colour and colour blends with sound; the effect is not only beautiful, but restful as well. I will not go into boring details. You must just wait until you can see it yourself.

There is one particularly beautiful temple where we frequently attend lectures, which are conducted by very advanced beings from a higher sphere. I use the word “lectures”, yet there is no vocal delivery, as you would

understand it. I will try to give you an account of what actually takes place.

It is as you have guessed, the *Lodge of the Golden Lotus*, where Donald spends so much of his time, and this temple is, we are told, a reflection from the Spheres of Light. It has been created in meditation, by those in this sphere, who are attuned to the Brotherhood of Light. Its great golden dome dominates the landscape, and when power is being poured down to it from the higher spheres, its surrounding courtyard and beautiful gardens appear to have been dipped in pure gold. The cherished “temple flowers” have a golden hue, as Donald has so often told you, and give off an exquisite perfume.

There are no organized meetings, or services in this temple, as there are in the orthodox churches here. Anyone is at liberty to seek its sanctuary for meditation at any time and it is never empty; in fact, whenever we go there, it is packed to capacity. The earnest thoughts of those who seek

enlightenment attract the attention of the Masters who come to give their aid and encouragement. These visitors are not always visible to the congregation, though they are, sometimes, seen by some and not by others. But their presence is, invariably, felt by all.

These teachers have the ability to contact the individual thoughts of the seekers, and, from them, builds up a theme of instruction which brings enlightenment to the whole audience. It is difficult to explain, but I am sure you have all had this experience in a lesser degree during your own meditations. This temple is, also, a great power-house for directing enlightenment to the earth.

Many minds on your earth are being gradually opened to receive it.

Your own little sanctuary, Lesley, receives an outpouring of power from this source and is a focal point from which power is directed to many seekers on earth. You will find that this

will become more pronounced as time goes on. There are many centres of radiation on your earth that are sustained by the power from this beautiful temple of pure thought; their influence is gradually spreading, as more and more people open their minds to the outpouring of Divine Wisdom. Attending these gatherings has given me greater understanding and a wonderful peace.

There are, of course, orthodox churches of all denominations represented on this plane and these churches fulfil the spiritual need of their devotees.

As I have already told you, although we have all taken one step forward in our transition from the earth life, we are still seeking individual development, as we can progress only according to the degree of our awakened consciousness, either mentally, or spiritually.

There are many here who devote their entire energies to learning. There are so many fascinating branches of study to which one's

time can be devoted and we are taught that our efforts here, open up new fields of progress for the earth as well.

For inspiration is beamed back to receptive minds in all branches of progress. Scientific discoveries on earth are but a dim reflection of known and perfected plans which are in operation here. One's mind, however, must be developed from the point at which one left off on earth, in whatever branch of study one chooses to pursue. But it is amazing to discover how little mental energy we actually expended during our lives on earth.

As I see it now, the earth life is more of an emotional experience than anything else, *as, for the majority of people, real mental development commences after transition.* I am speaking now of the ordinary man-in-the-street, to which group the majority of us belong. There are, of course, many others, who had, while yet on earth, studied along special lines and, here, they

continue to expand their knowledge of these subjects if it is their desire to do so.

But as I say, most of us arrive here with only a smattering of general knowledge acquired during our earth lives and we are thrilled to discover the fascinating opportunities of this plane for specialized study. The assimilation of knowledge is much easier here, for we seem to have acquired another faculty, awareness.

I am, at present, deeply interested in music. There is a vast spiritual significance in the rhythm of sound, which I am at present only on the fringe of understanding. But the little I have learnt has been a great revelation to me.

Music is an endless source of pleasure to all dwellers in this sphere, and indeed, it could not be otherwise, for all nature contributes an underlying melody. Flowers, here, have not only colour and perfume, but sound as well.

You girls will be thrilled when you see grandfather McLean's garden, for flowers are still his joy and inspiration as they were on earth. The wonderful creative ability he has extended in this direction has resulted in a perfect paradise of beauty and harmony. There are no individual possessions; all are free to enjoy the creative work of another and derive great joy and inspiration from this sharing.

Grandfather's house is set in a beautiful glen. A lovely lawn surrounds it and great spreading trees are dotted here and there. The lawns are a happy playground for the numerous children that grandmother gathers together and entertains. She is at present absorbed in teaching them all the old-fashioned Scottish dances, which she, herself performs with grace and skill.

There are beautiful borders of flowers everywhere and many unusual nooks and corners, streams and little tinkling waterfalls, where ferns and flowers are exquisitely arranged.

Every specimen is perfect and their blending of colours a masterpiece of understanding.

Beautiful gardens abound, as there are so many souls who are realizing their earthly longing for colour and harmony by creating beauty here.

Manifestation of objects here, is the direct result of applied understanding creative thought. If perfection is not attained, the object falls away, and one is left with nothing, or if one persists in clinging to the imperfection, one gravitates to lower levels of understanding. That is why it is said that we earn our surroundings in this land.

It is difficult to give you a clear picture of our activities in different working conditions, because those conditions are, essentially, other than earth like and there is no means of comparison. We can, therefore, only indicate the type of work we do. It is just the same on earth, this difficulty, when you, girls, used to write home and say that you were working in an operating theatre at hospital.

This conveyed nothing to my mind beyond the mental picture built up by my imagination, because I had never been in an operating theatre and had no knowledge of hospitals. I had, therefore, no means of visualizing your activities.

It may surprise you to know that I have since made it my business to find out. By joining a team of workers, who lend spiritual aid to doctors and nurses, I have been projected into hospitals and operating theatres in many different countries on earth. Mine is a passive role of contributing power only. But, I now have a much clearer idea of the conditions under which you and Grace worked in the past. Also, I have gained an insight into the formation of your characters, as a result of the service you rendered to humanity during your nursing careers.

My work with the hospital team is what you would call a part-time job, as I spend a great deal of time entertaining people in my home, which,

to me, is a very pleasant occupation. We have formed a discussion group, to talk over the problems of the various members. Often, newcomers are brought along by their friends and in our genial social atmosphere they are able to adjust themselves to the new conditions. I could, possibly, be called a social service worker.

Almost everyone here, divides his time between a number of different activities. We do not have night and day as you on earth do, so we do not spend our time sleeping. If we become weary, a change of occupation is all that is needed to revitalize us. What one person regards as a restful occupation may well, by another, be regarded as work. It all depends on our natures and the type of occupation that appeals to us.

Your father, for instance, does not derive any great spiritual upliftment from joining in my social activities with the discussion group. He, usually, goes to the temple where Donald works,

to spend a period in meditation while I am occupied with my visitors. He is far more advanced, spiritually, than I am. He is chiefly concerned with directing and receiving power from the higher planes. We, still, argue about spiritual matters and, I dare say, that is stimulating for both of us. He is giving me a great deal of help and encouragement in my efforts to give you an understandable picture of life in this existence.

We, when on earth, always were a united family. Do you remember how you and Grace would always run up the flag at Morvern when the boys had been away and we were returning home? Douglas and Clifford still treasure that flag. You will find it still floating, merrily, in the breeze, to welcome each one of you as you join us on this side.

It touched me greatly to see the flag post on the lawn here, when I was brought to my new home, with the whole family, laughing and cheering

lustily, to welcome the “old battle-axe”, as you naughty children used to call me. So the boys greeted me on my arrival. I will never forget that home-coming. It was all so very different from what I had expected and a great deal nicer.

I cannot describe to you the remorse I felt for the years of bitter grieving and the destructive hatred in which I had indulged, when I thought my sons were lost to me forever. Grief over the death of a loved one is a very selfish emotion. If I can but convince one person on earth that their dear ones are never lost to them and that death is not the end, I will have atoned for much of the havoc I caused.

Excessive grief does have a distressing effect on those who have passed over, for it is quite natural that they should be distressed when they realize that although they are safe and well, it is impossible to convey this fact to the ones that are left behind.

Consequently, many refuse to take advice from those who have descended to help them at the time of their transition; they remain in the vicinity of their grief-stricken relatives, trying vainly to comfort them.

They remain for lengthy periods; they become frustrated and apathetic, having refused the help and companionship of those who have tried to induce them to leave. They find themselves cut off from both worlds, living in a sort of limbo.

Fortunately, frequent attempts are made from this end to persuade them to leave the enervating atmosphere of near-earth conditions and, in time, common sense prevails and they do relinquish such association. By that time, however, their spiritual bodies are so exhausted, that often a long period of rest is needed before they can take their rightful place in this happy land. There is, of course, an art of drawing near to their dear ones on earth in a healthier and happier manner than that of just hanging around.

Even those who have no earthly ties, or bonds of love and friendship behind them, being totally unprepared for their awakening, refuse to believe in this new life and, stubbornly, refuse to leave the vicinity of their worldly possessions. They are prone to take a morbid interest in the disintegration of their earthly bodies. I am told by both Douglas and Clifford, who are both rescue workers, that people of this type are some of the most difficult to help. Yes, my dears. It is high time that people on your life-side should be told the truth and make some effort to believe it. Thousands of people, here, are eagerly awaiting opportunities to contact their loved ones on earth, from whom they are divided by this blank wall of invisibility.

More and more people on your side should be encouraged to develop clairvoyance, clair-audience and any other means available, to break down the barrier. Welcome trivial messages, because, more often than not, there is a more behind them than appears on the surface.

You, Lesley, were very fortunate, indeed, to have been able to keep in close touch with Donald, from the time of his passing, being thus able to visualize his progress from childhood to manhood on this side of the veil. But through making the effort never to lose sight of your child, a firm link was established, upon which the Brotherhood of Light was able to build, which led, in time, to your hand being used for automatic writing and their messages of peace and goodwill being distributed to so many people. This was a wonderful step forward.

If my letters are published, they, too, will be a wonderful help to others.

I should like to end this letter with a few more observations on the obvious differences and similarities of our state of living and yours.

I have already told you how very much alive we are. I have stressed that our bodies are just as solid to us as yours are to you. Ours are, however, of a more refined and incorruptible

nature. We cannot suffer physical injury of any kind and physical illness is unknown. But we can and do suffer mentally, with a degree of intensity very rare on earth, if we transgress the laws of our heavenly Father.

We have no transport difficulties and can move from one place to another, simply by exerting an effort of will. I find it hard to explain this to you, for this land is not any more a plane of illusion than your earth is. I know that a school of thought believe that all planes of form are illusory, but when you live in them and are, so to speak, absorbed in them, they appear, equally, real.

We can and do cover great distances by a mental effort of will. Communication is the same. We do not require mechanical means. But I must bring my letter to an end as the power is running out. I will take up this question of communication more fully at a later date.

Chapter Five **TRANSITION OF A CHILD**

Hullo my darling Mother. It is your beloved Donald, speaking. We have had a family conclave and have decided it would be a good idea if each one of us made an attempt to give you a brief account of our personal reactions to our birth into spirit.

As my earth life was to be of such a short duration, I was allowed some advance knowledge of that fact; and in a childish way, tried to convey to you that I would not be with you for long, although I myself did not fully understand the feeling I had that there was an urgency to complete my small affairs and leave a small mark on the tapestry of earth by which I would be remembered.

I loved you all very dearly and there was a special bond of affection between you and me. I enjoyed every minute of my brief stay. As you

know, I was always busy and occupied, for I had a vague feeling that there was a great deal to be done and not much time in which to do it.

The purpose behind it all, I will not try to explain, for all will be unfolded in the fullness of time. I am only concerned, now, with telling you of my transition.

I do not remember suffering any pain whatsoever, as a result of the accident. I just felt drowsy, and, as I told you, I wanted to go to sleep. I, simply, fell asleep and woke up on this side. It was Leo Radyer that you saw standing at the foot of the bed. He is my personal guide and had watched over me during my short life on earth. As I had no personal knowledge of any of my relations in spirit, they played a minor part in my transition. But, they were standing by to give me help and encouragement when the right time arrived. Naturally, I clung to you and was worried that you did not respond. I could not understand why you were crying and upset and I

kept shouting: "Mummy, I am quite all right" I, now, know that you heard me, but that it was not much consolation to you at the time.

It did not seem strange to me that Leo was with me. I seemed to have known him always, which, in reality, I have. My mind was still conditioned to my child life and Leo devised a game for me to play. He said I had become invisible. From that moment, the whole thing became a happy game, as far as I was concerned. Leo made no effort to wean me, immediately, from my contact with earth. I, simply, carried on with my normal routine.

The thing I enjoyed most was the hoax I was playing on the teachers at school. That, really, did amuse me.

I knew that my cloak of invisibility had grown a bit thin, where you were concerned and that you, often, caught glimpses of me. Our great spiritual affinity was fostered and strengthened by dear St. Francis and his band, with many of whom I

have now become familiar. Often, they would bring other children to play with me, and birds and animals took on a delightful quality of interest and diversion. It was great fun to play with them unrestricted by fear on either side.

The Brothers had built up a world of illusion around me in which I could play happily without loss, for I was drawing spiritual energy from them. This is often done for children, depending on the circumstances of their passing, and the particular needs of parents and child. Although none of you realized it, or, perhaps, you did to a certain extent, you were all being charged with spiritual energy from this source, to tide you over the period of shock and grief.

Well, there I remained for a time, riding my bike to school and romping on the playground with the other children, feeling that it was an enormous joke that I had acquired a cloak of invisibility and that I could get up to all kinds of mischief and remain undetected. It all seemed

perfectly natural. I was buoyed up with a wonderful feeling of great love and contentment.

It was not until Uncle Steve came over to this side that any move was made to loosen the threads that held me to my child life on earth.

He, also, belongs to the Franciscan Soul Group, as was envisaged by his love and pity for little animals and birds in his earth life. I was quite happy to go forward with him.

Whatever role one has undertaken in an earth life, the cycle must be completed here and I was taken to the Children's sphere to unfold. As Granny has, already, told you, it is a paradise of beauty and happiness.

I know you have caught glimpses of my development over the years and shared my happiness. For this, I am deeply grateful.

No demonstration from this side is undertaken without a definite purpose, and my brief dip down into the matter, when I materialized for

you one Sunday afternoon as you were resting, formed a more solid link and opened up a strong channel through which your contact with the Brotherhood of Light has been maintained.

The mission of my earth life completed, understanding of how best I may serve God and my fellow men continues to unfold.

We were all delighted on this side when you were influenced to sit for automatic writing and I was able to make the break through and bring Leo Radyer to control your hand.

Your light-hearted approach has never been detrimental to our work. In fact, it has aided us greatly, for it lessens tension on both sides. It has, however, to be kept within certain bounds of decorum.

Hence, our beloved and more serious minded Fabian was appointed to the task of conditioning you and Aunty Grace to spirit control. Those early hilarious sessions left me helpless with

laughter on many occasions. I was unable to fulfil my part. But Lily³ was filled with dogged determination.

She is the sweetest of souls and adores Fabian, with whom she now works. She was determined that you should be given a more healthy respect for your teacher and made every effort to influence you to this end.

The great part that many wonderful souls have taken in the development of the psychic qualities of Aunty Bea, Aunty Grace and yourself, will only be revealed to you when you come to this side. Then, you will be amazed at the vast organization and long-term planning that is required from this side, which if reckoned in earth years, would extend over aeons of time. But here, it is seen as a whole. This quality of the wholeness of life is quite incomprehensible to you and it is only through working in the temple, with the beloved Brothers, that some glimmering

³ A small Chinese girl control.

of its reality is beginning to dawn on my understanding.

There is so much to learn on this side and many delightful avenues are opened up in our minds by the beloved workers from the spheres of Light.

I am grateful to have been granted this privilege of using the channel to deliver a personal message, and hope I have elucidated a few points that may have puzzled you. I know I have made much clear to your mind that I have been unable to put down on paper. I hope this wider understanding will be conveyed to others when these messages are given out to your world.

I am, always, with you in the bond of spirit, my beloved Mother, and always will remain your beloved Donald.

TRANSITION IN BATTLE

II

Hullo, Squeaker. It is Clifford, here. We have again had a “family conclave”, as Donald called it. It has been decided that I should speak for both Douglas and myself, as the circumstances of our passing and subsequent experiences were similar.

As I must travel back in time to World War I, to get the feeling and memory, I will take you with me and, again, you must become my little sister of those distant days that have become dim in your mind.

Mother has blamed herself for her valiant “flag wagging” and “your King and Country need you” attitude towards that war. She has caused herself much mental agony. But the outcome would have been just the same, even had she opposed the idea of our joining the forces. We were both of an age when childhood restrictions

had begun to irk us. Douglas and I longed for distant horizons. Adventure called and beckoned and the outbreak of war seemed a heaven-sent opportunity. If we departed in clouds of glory, so much the better. The sickening horror of slaughter and bloodshed had no real meaning to our minds, nor, I'm afraid, did the high-sounding sentiments of defending our home land.

The West African campaign had been a picnic. If we had killed anyone in the odd skirmishes, it was all long distance and no personal responsibility attached, as far as we could see. The return of the heroes was very satisfying to the ego and we basked in the admiration of our family and friends.

The echo of the marching songs was in our ears. Mother banged them out on the piano and we taught you kids to sing them. The whole world was stirred with the glamour and glory of war. Talk about raising the vibrations! "Your King and Country need you." We sang it to each one

of you, in turn, and asked your permission to join the battalion that was going overseas. Heroes marching to battle! No, innocents to the slaughter! The "enemy" was just a word. We had no hate in our hearts and no real desire to kill.

Long gruelling months of training, the glamour fading. The horror growing, nearer and nearer. The scream of battle, the thunder of guns, the stench of smoke-filled death, the groans of wounded comrades. Death was something that happened to others. It just didn't happen to you. Delville Wood and Douglas blown to pieces in front of my eyes. What happened when one died? This was hell. Where was heaven? If there was God, why allow the hell of war? The Padre didn't know. No one knew. Was death the end? Much better, if it was so. The lucky ones went West. "It's a long way to Tipperary." How I longed to be sitting on the peg tin, in front of the fire at Morvern. Do you remember how we all used to scrap for that favourite perch? Would the war ever end? And, if it did, who would remain

to enjoy the victory? What was happening to the folks back home? Mother, Dad, my kid sisters? How would they react to the news that Douglas was dead? Were the mealies ripe in the valley? Who would help Dad with the reaping?

The endless chain of thinking. The endless business of fighting. A grey dawn breaking, as we moved in to Arras. The shell-torn church on the ridge. Come on boys, let's get this bloody war over. The rattle of machine gun fire-... that was the last I remember.

If the business of dying was painful, I have no recollection of it now. When I awoke, it was to the sound of singing. Not marching songs, nor hymns, or anything of that sort. But everything seemed calm and peaceful, with a background of music. I sort of drifted into it for a while. Then I realized that I was floating above my body. In a hazy sort of way, I remember thinking, "That poor devil's had it." This drifting business went on for a long time. As you know, it was three

days before I, actually, died. But I must have been floating around all that time, for as I have said, I don't remember suffering. It was a very pleasant period.

The real bewilderment started when I finally made the break and found myself surrounded by scores of my comrades, who had, also, passed over and were, equally, confused. We were all rushing round madly, trying to get back into the scrap.

Our parade ground Sergeant Majors really would have been proud of the training they had given us. They had really conditioned us for war. The amazing thing about it was, that all our fears and doubts and misery and longing to be out of it, all had left us. We were fighting fit and most enthusiastic in our efforts to get on with the job and end the war. It took a long time before the futility of our efforts dawned on us. There just seemed to be something wrong, but what it was, was hard to determine. The rescue teams that

were standing by, were powerless to help us, until we turned our attention away from the fighting. Not one of us, I am sure, had any idea that we had died. Not the bunch I was with, at any rate. There may have been others that knew of life after death and had moved on with those who came to help them. But we were very much on the spot.

We died a thousand deaths, as, apparently, solid objects went through us. But we soon found that it worked both ways and that we could charge a ten foot wall and find ourselves on the other side unscathed. I don't know for how long this went on. For a considerable time, anyway. At last, I got a grip on myself and took time to think about it. I had moved back behind the lines and was resting. Soon, I was joined by another fellow, with whom I started talking. I had not spoken to anyone about the odd things that were happening. But I had begun to think that the war had turned my brain.

We just talked, quietly, for a while on general subjects; how the war was going and so on. Then, he asked me if I wasn't glad to be out of the fighting. He was one of the rescue squad and got round to explaining that there was no need for us all to be there at all. I couldn't believe it, at first. Then, my first reaction was one of relief that I wasn't a blooming lunatic. I'd seen men crack up under the strain of the war and it wasn't a pretty sight. I, honestly, thought I had gone the same way.

There was plenty I wanted to know and he was very patient about explaining what had happened to Douglas and all my other mates, who had gone west at Delville, for instance. He told me that most of them had elected to go to their homes for a time and that Douglas was back on the farm. Gee! I couldn't wait to be off to join him. But first, he wanted me to help him round up some of the other fellows, who were roaming around and this we did. He lectured them and tried to put it across to them what had happened.

The same thing was being done all over the battlefields, for friend and foe, alike. Of course, the stupid thing about war is the fact that a bunch of fellows, who have no personal animosity whatever, are set at each other's throats and do their best to commit murder, while most of the hating is done by the folks who are not fighting. The whole darn thing is only engineered for the sake of power, or money, or both. The scales fall from your eyes when you reach this side and find the chaps you have murdered are spiritual affinities and friends.

To get back to the story, I soon joined Douglas on the farm, but it was a disappointing homecoming; we couldn't make an impression on any of you. You were all moping around, mourning us as dead. Poor old mother, in particular, was in a terrible state of mind. So we didn't like to go away and leave her. We just stayed around, doing the best we could. At long last, we were persuaded to move on to this sphere and, after a period of adjustment, found we could move

about freely. But, often, we came back to be near you all. We still love the old farm on earth and frequently visit it, even now.

Nearly everyone gets keen on the idea of trying to make contact with their friends and relations on earth. We, too, made attempts, without much success. Once, when you were a kid at school, you went along to a service at the local Spiritualist Church, just because it was a daring thing to do. I managed to show myself to a clairvoyant and she gave you a message. But it wasn't very convincing. We waited forty years, as you know, before we were able to make any real contact through dear old Bea.⁴ We are all jolly grateful to her for opening up your minds and making our present contact possible. Don't forget that she did most of the spade-work on your side against a great deal of opposition and disbelief. We were all pretty anxious, on this

⁴ Bea, Moxham. Another sister, who is a sensitive.

side, when our first messages were met with ridicule.

Fortunately, there is a bit of mother's pioneering spirit in each of you, plus the good old McLean determination, inherited from Dad. Above all, we have a strong bond of family unity between all of us. So once having got a hearing, we were pretty confident that you would dig deeper and try and find out what it was all about.

As mother has already told you, both Douglas and I have become rescue workers over here. You have a better chance of helping people who have got a bit confused, if you have experienced that condition yourself and can dispel a lot of their doubts, by just relating your own experience.

Well, I've been holding the floor for a long time and have used up more than my share of power. There is plenty more I would like to have told you, but it is difficult to get it all across to you at one sitting. I will have to fill in the gaps when

you come over to this side and we can, really, get together and have a good talk.

Good-bye for now, my little sister. Do try and get this across to others. It will help them and help us, too.

Chapter Six
SPIRIT COMMUNICATION

Hullo, Darlings. Mother here, again.

I know you will think that I am, perpetually, harping on the difficulties of communication, but I do think that these should be discussed.

You were keenly interested in the account Mr. Keverne gave you of the progress that has been made in the circle⁵ at Luanshya, Northern Rhodesia. Unfortunately for us, there are very few points of contact where such strong evidence can be given.⁶

I am told by Jack London that, for the building up of physical phenomena, which includes Direct Voice communication, Materialization and such manifestations, it is necessary to find an earth medium with certain necessary chemical

components in his body, which, when treated from this side, can be used to produce ectoplasm.

These ingredients are not present in everybody and, in fact, are comparatively rare. Again, the temperament of the prospective medium has to be taken into consideration as well. For many people are not sufficiently well balanced to be developed for this type of mediumship. As you know, Jack London is an authority on this subject. He tells me that the team with whom he works, devotes much time to studying the conditions surrounding prospective mediums on earth.

If it is found that they have all the attributes necessary, a campaign is started to impress them from this side. More often than not, they are people who are in no way interested in psychic matters and, sometimes even, strongly opposed to them. Sometimes, their mediumistic potential is observed in early infancy and a strong circle of guides devote their time to guarding and

⁵ A successful Direct Voice and Materialization Circle.

⁶ Author of "White Fang," "The Call of the Wild," etc.

protecting them and, if possible, impressing them to develop their spiritual qualities as their earth life progresses.

As you know, in their early years, practically all children are in close contact with the world of spirit. Some are more closely attuned than others. This is more particularly the case with solitary children, whose minds are not distracted by contact with others. In towns and large cities, children's minds are directed outwards and in the clamour of many diversions that assail their senses, the inner perception is lost. It is a great pity.

Jack London says that very few of the people who could be great mediums on earth ever allow themselves to take up the work. Many, moreover, that could be developed, become discouraged when they do not get immediate results. The sceptical attitude of their friends and relatives is a very great retarding factor; as they

are necessarily people with sensitive natures, the fear of ridicule quickly puts them off.

The attitude of the churches towards spirit communication is, of course, the main obstacle which must be overcome. There are many well developed sensitives in the ranks of the clergy, who can and do penetrate the barrier, but do not proclaim the truth for fear of being accused of having truck with the Devil.

However, these prejudices are, gradually, being broken down, as more messages reach earth. Even the sceptics are confounded. Jack London, at this point, asks me to give a few hints on developing mediumship. His advice is from the perspective of spirit, as *we* see it,

Mere light-hearted curiosity is not a good basis for a development circle. Although it, frequently, gets results of a startling nature, the contacts made are, almost always, of an undesirable kind, derived from inhabitants of the near earth planes. As Jack London, laughingly, remarks:

“It takes up far too much of our time and energy quelling the riots.”

On the other hand, there is no need to take up a sanctimonious attitude. A simple prayer, asking for protection and guidance, is all that is needed when opening the circle. This will draw helpers from this side to your aid. The type of communication you receive will be largely governed by the spiritual qualifications of the seekers and their desires.

If it is a home circle, friends and relations will gather round and make every effort to deliver evidential messages that will be clearly understood. However, as the primary aim of inducing people on earth to seek communion with the planes of spirit, is to foster their spiritual advancement, some more advanced soul will always endeavour to take charge of the proceedings and give advice and instruction.

Many truly earnest seekers are disappointed at their apparent lack of psychic powers. They

should never be discouraged. Very often they are playing a passive role, which is of great assistance to the workers on this side, although they may not have the necessary qualifications to become mediums. This type of sitter, ardent and ambitious to see spiritual truths released on earth, should be keenly sought after by developing circles and encouraged to stay the pace, at all costs.

It is of great assistance to the workers on this side, if, at the formation of a circle, you would state, *exactly*, what it is you are seeking, *and upon which all the sitters are agreed*. This unanimous attitude should be diligently sought, so that subsequent rifts can be avoided. Your guides will then try and give you what you want. When contact has been established, every endeavour will be made by the guide in charge to persuade those who are developing to take up the work for which they are best suited.

Some will be advised to develop the trance state, others to become healers, or if, as in your own case, you are a suitable subject to be influenced for automatic writing, this will be indicated to you. If no medium is available through which channel direction can be given, attempts will be made to control the sitters and develop each individual potential.

No group of people who are making a genuine attempt to make contact with this side, are ever disregarded, or neglected. Every assistance is given and the same is done for individual seekers. So, please, do encourage people to form development circles and, if this is not possible, lone seekers should be advised to set aside a daily period for meditation. Even if they have no gifts for pronounced mediumship, this act of faith forms a strong link with this side and their effort will not be wasted.

It is always more difficult for controls from the very high spheres to establish contact with an

earthly medium and a very long period of development is necessary. This is very rarely attempted. But, as you are aware, such an experiment is, at the present time, in progress.

There is nothing haphazard about our communication with you through automatic writing. It might be thought that a control can be established at a moment's notice. This is not the case. We are fortunate on this side to be able to foresee some events which you are not aware of and can, therefore, make preparations in advance. We are, also, sometimes successful in impressing you to sit for automatic writing, at times convenient to your guiding circle of workers here. But this was not always the case, which was very disappointing.

It is only recently that we have arranged these very early morning visitations for which we are truly grateful. We do, however, realize that a regular time set aside in the day was not possible for you, owing to your endless activities which

so largely are governed by the vagaries of your family. If you are over-tired, your guides refuse to allow me to control you and, of course, it is only wise that you should not be overtaxed.

As you are aware, the fault is not always an your side. There are many occasions when conditions have not been satisfactory and insufficient power is available, on this side, to make a contact. Then you have sat in vain. Many helpers are needed here to build up power. It is not possible for one person alone to form a sustained contact. All communication circles are rigidly guarded, to obviate, as far as possible, interference from mischief-makers on the lower astrals. Many workers concentrate on this task.

Sensitives on earth, immediately, attract attention on this side, when they sit for development of their extrasensory powers. Without this protective system from advanced souls, they would, quickly, become the prey of one of these bands of wandering mischief-

makers, who deliberately, set out to confuse and confound the earthly seeker.

It is always vitally important, therefore, to establish a guided and guarded channel and this is established by the asking, in prayer, and in sincerity of mind and purpose. I should add that not all wanderers on the near earth planes are trouble makers. There are many souls who are held there by their complete ignorance of an after-life. They just do not realize they have passed through the veil.

Dad and I once had a discussion, in regard to the difficulty of impressing you with our actual presence and of getting understandable messages delivered to you. Dad pointed out to me, in his logical way, that it is in only comparatively recent times that the difficulties of communication between individuals in the flesh have been overcome. These are limited to different mediums of contact, which are all purely mechanical.

A few hundred years ago, without telephones, television and wireless, the only individual means of communication was by the medium of the written word, or messages delivered by word of mouth. Were one unable to read or write – the state of the majority of mankind – there was no way to keep contact with friends and relatives in different places, except by travel and through messengers. Travel was difficult and, almost invariably wrought with peril, so that was avoided in most cases.

I was taken aback at this line of reasoning, as I had not given it any previous thought.

Dad cited, as an instance, the years that we were travelling in ox wagons and when I was stranded on the banks of the mighty Limpopo with my baby, after our oxen had died of rinderpest, when he was obliged to walk one hundred miles to the nearest post to buy donkeys. We were utterly without communication with either friends, or

relatives, during that period and cut off from each other.

Looking back on this episode, I see, too, that the handicap of being without mechanical means of communication led to my developing a certain degree of extrasensory perception. All of you, children, will remember that when your father had been away on lengthy trading trips, I could and did sense the day and hour of his return. I would tell you to saddle up your horses to meet him.

There was, also, the incident of the picture my sister had painted of the exact spot where I was encamped on the river bank, although she had never seen that part of the country. How we all marvelled at the “coincidence”, when we returned, two years later, to my family who had, long since, mourned us as dead. We were supposed to have been killed by the Matabele.

I reminded Dad of those incidents and he, also, remembered how Clifford had appeared to him

at Morvern, the night after Douglas was killed at Delville Wood, to tell him what had happened. We have asked Clifford about that incident and he tells us it was a quite unconscious projection of his astral body, which must have occurred during sleep as he had no recollection of it afterwards.

He said, laughingly: "If I had known I could get safely back to Morvern, nothing would have made me return to those ghastly battlefields in France. But I only found out that was possible after I was dead."

We are all agreed here, that if you on earth were dependent, solely, on extra-sensory perception to convey messages to each other when out of conversational range, your information, in regard to each other's lives, would be very fragmentary indeed.

In some way, this thought has cheered me, immensely; I no longer feel upset about our failure to impress you as vividly as we would

like to do, without using mechanical means, such as your pen, Lesley. Dad has pointed out, also, that great progress is being made on this side, in devising ways and means of getting through to you. Our greatest difficulty is lack of co-operation on your side.

As he said: "What would be the use of making a telephone call, if the person at the other end refused to pick up the receiver?"

Absurd as it may seem to us, there are still far too many people on earth who refuse to believe in our existence. They are in for a shock, when the inevitable day arrives when they will join us here.

Those who are concerned with the reception of new arrivals tell me that it is quite amusing, at times, to see their utter astonishment at finding themselves surrounded by living beings whom they had believed dead and gone forever. Many others expect to be awakened by a celestial choir of golden winged angels with harps. They rigidly

follow whatever preconceived notion they have built up during their earthly lives. *But none of these newcomers have grasped the fact that they will simply be themselves, no better and no worse than they were, the day they died.*

We often discuss and pre-arrange the text of my next message. Unfortunately, I seldom succeed in transmitting to you the gist of what I intend. I am eternally lost in admiration at the beautiful choice of words and lucidity of utterance of the Elder Brothers, when they communicate with earth. They give forth a crystal clear stream of ideas, without hesitation and with hardly a pause.

But in my own case, in the excitement of making the contact, I, often, lose the thread of what I intended to say. Also, in the denser atmosphere of your environment, I become confused and forgetful of many of my original ideas. You may have noticed that the controls who speak through trance mediums suffer, at times, from a similar

disadvantage. There is repetition and frequent circumlocution.

I have now given up all attempts at delivering specific lectures. I confine myself to giving whatever pieces of information come into my mind when I am with you, I follow the old line, in fact, of keeping my family in touch with each other, through the medium of letters during my earthly life.

Finally, I should attempt to describe what it is actually like during the act of communication. It is, at times, rather like a tunnel through which we can descend to get into your vibration. We have to shed something of our spiritual selves and draw around us something of our old physical condition to make the contact. I cannot really explain the mechanics of it to you, but you will get the general idea.

I know that many people on earth are puzzled by the fact that they cannot make contact with us, but there are many here, who are revolted at the

idea of undergoing this necessary change and refuse to make the effort.

The very near-earth planes of consciousness, inhabited by those who are, as yet, in spiritual darkness, are what you would consider the danger points. It is here that there is often obstruction, but it is not always intentional. Often, the unwitting use of destructive power by the inhabitants of those regions causes a break, or a blockage in channels that have been previously cleared for us.

There are a myriad fountains of communicating waters from the realms of spirit, each pouring down to the parched earth, to give it hope, comfort and assurance. Much of the exalted beauty of thought and feeling of the messages from lofty spiritual beings is lost. There are no words to convey it to you. You have to be in *true communion* yourselves, to discover the fullest impact. The full power of these highest outpourings of love is only, vaguely, felt by the

earthly sensitive. Each of you should make a supreme effort to respond to the higher teachings when you receive them. Your spiritual advancement would be so much more rapid if you did.

Chapter Seven
CHILDREN OF SPIRIT

We have been surrounding you with our love in your sorrow.⁷ We know how sad you are about your little Richard. Such a lovely little soul! We are all so thrilled to welcome him in this sphere. He will never lack for loving attention. Your granny and your sister Myrna feel they are particularly blessed. You will have your little son's love always surrounding you. He brought a great blessing into your lives, my dears. This, you will realize as time goes on.

I do wish you could visualize him as he is here, so happy and contented. Children arrive here, sparkling with wonderment and joy. They do not require the period of sleep that is necessary to older persons who have spent much time on

⁷ On the passing of a small grandson. Message, mainly for Mrs. May's daughter-in-law and son.

earth. Children accept this change quite naturally, but there is a proviso.

When you continue to grieve for the child you feel you have lost, those tears are, also, felt with acute intensity, by the child here. He attempts to comfort his parents, to assure them that all is well with him, but to no avail. The waves of their hopeless emotion impinge on his consciousness, affect his untrammelled joy and darken the brightness of the new world of love and joy. He wishes to share his new freedom with his earthly parents, because his love remains unchanged. He feels excluded, cut off, forgotten by their leaden mourning and he awaits, with pathetic daily hope, their recognition of him, alive and vibrant. This recognition seldom, if ever, comes to those left behind, unless their minds are opened to new truth and new teaching.

We know you are all suffering from shock and we are all doing our best to comfort you. I have told you, briefly, what a lovely place the

Children's Sphere is. I know now that there has been quite a literature passed down to earth on this paradise, no description of which, nor painting, can depict an adequate portrayal of its exquisite nature.

Perhaps, the secret lies in each one of us, whether child or adult. We transform our environment with the colours and perceptions of our innermost spirit. Yet, I know this thought allows a certain deception. The land of the children has, indeed, been made for them by the loving thoughts of more advanced spiritual beings.

The locality is real and answers to every requirement, in appearance and substance. Indeed, I never tire of telling you that Dad and my environment is as real and substantial to us, the neighbours as solid, the scene and background as convincing, as your earth is to all of you and the people that inhabit your material world. But I must not digress.

Lesley, I am becoming very familiar with your mental thought processes. You are sceptically inclined, on occasions, I know perfectly well that the story I told you of the child, playing with the lion, rankles in your mind and that you think it "just a bit too pat", as you put it. I do assure you that it was a plain statement of fact which I saw myself and, again, affirm the truth of it.

Some of the children help us in our contacts with earthly circles. Their simple personalities clear up the mists of uncertainty and lighten the atmosphere. For example, Lily, whom I must tell you, is a lovely little Chinese girl, is a great help and has been trained by your guides to assist in this type of communication.

As you will remember, she was drawn to you in the early days of your development and she asks me to tell you something of her story. She passed over suddenly as the result of an accident and, at first, could not accept her transition. She drifted aimlessly, refusing all help that was offered from

this side, trying, vainly, to retain her grip on the earth life. She is, by nature, a sunny laughter loving soul. She was attached to you because of your sense of humour. She liked to be near you on this account.

She grew to love you very dearly and was shown by Fabian⁸ that she could perform a useful service to both our world and yours, if she would co-operate in the work of developing you and Grace. She has now attained great advancement spiritually, being a happy and busy worker. Her tasks are not confined to your circle as there are several developing circles in America to which she gives aid and through one of these she has been able to contact a sister who lives in your sphere.

This has given her great joy. She was, I must tell you, born in America and lived her short life there. She passed to here at the age of sixteen.

⁸ A “senior” guide.

She is a sweet girl, Lesley, and you will find her a wonderful companion when you come to this side, for you have a soul affinity with her.

Little Richard, too, was very happy that he had managed to show himself to you. He felt he had scored a double triumph, when he was able to deliver a message through the Rhodesian sensitive, Mr. Keverne, as well. He is a darling little fellow and has a happy nature. He is very advanced for his age.

He joined with Douglas in his communication the other day, when the former communicated through Edmund in Durban. The significance of Douglas’s message was not quite clear to you. He was trying to tell you, through clairaudience, that we were celebrating, or rather had celebrated, two anniversaries, with a two day interval between them.

For, of course, it was little Richard’s birthday on the seventeenth of January, a fact that you had completely forgotten, Lesley. The little fellow

was a trifle hurt that his Granny had forgotten his birthday, but we explained to him how difficult it is for you to remember everything. Please, make an effort to keep his little anniversary in mind in future. It is just as important to him as Sharon's on earth, and just as important to celebrate it for his sake.

Phyllis arranged a lovely party for him here. All the children came in fancy dress and Donald suggested that little Richard should be a pirate for the occasion. The vivid imagination of the children, aided by suggestions from the grown-ups, created a variety of lovely costumes. Of course, there was no need for manual sewing, cutting and stitching. The mental pictures had to be firm and steady, in order to "fix" the clothes, but it is surprising how quickly all people here can dress themselves. After a time, the changes become almost instantaneous.

If you will look through some old photographs that you have, you will find one that was taken at

Combles,⁹ when Donald was a wee fellow, where he and Graham¹⁰ were dressed as pirates, Cluffy as a chef and Douglas as cupid.

You were completely mystified when Mr. Keverne described Richard's headdress. He was, of course, trying to show himself in his fancy dress costume. He wanted to tell you all about his party. It was for this reason, too, that Douglas made an attempt, a couple of nights later, to make contact through Edmund. The little fellow was determined that you should be reminded that his birthday was on January 17th, and you know how insistent children are.

I am pleased that you have verified the matter by looking at his birth certificate which will fix the date in your memory. The little fellow is still determined that the full story should be told, so I will try to describe his birthday party.

⁹ A family farm in Natal.

¹⁰ Mrs. May's elder "surviving" son.

The children here are just as fond of dressing up as earth children are, so when Phyllis suggested that it should be a fancy dress party, Richard was delighted at the idea and insisted that all the grown-ups should wear fancy dress as well. Cluffy and Donald recalled the costumes they had worn at that little party at Combles, so when the picture had been built up for him, Richard decided he would like to be a pirate, just like Daddy.

Grandma McLean, who, as you know, was always enthusiastic about entertaining children and still devotes a great deal of time to them, suggested their lovely garden as the setting for the celebrations. No more beautiful spot could be chosen.

Richard has always admired the cake you made for Sharon's birthday last year and has treasured its spiritual counterpart ever since. It became the central theme for the table decorations. The children greatly admired the iced cottage with

the sugar stick fence around it. There were "ohs" and "ahs" of delight as they picked out the coloured lollipop flowers that you had so cleverly built into the garden. It was a wonderful success.

So you will see, that whatever creative ability you exercise on earth, it has a longer duration than you think, especially if it is designed to give pleasure to others. Nothing is ever lost. In fact, whatever positive or negative thought you sow, are duplicated on this side of the wall. Thoughts must be kept in constructive channels, therefore.

The children at Richard's party played games on the lawns and romped around generally. The grown-ups enjoyed it as much as the children.

In the higher realms which are invisible to us living in this sphere, I am told that children, who have the appearance of angelic beings, play their part in God's Cosmic Universe. They come to lower spheres as messengers from on high. There is much truth in those inspired paintings of the

Italian Renaissance, depicting Cherubim with wings. Of course, the wings are mere symbols of the messenger. These beings materialize into visibility and melt out, once more, from the sight of the humbler denizens after delivering their messages.

Of course, I have to be very careful not to indulge in descriptions of things which are too far divorced from acceptable earthly credence, lest you and others, Lesley, take me to be exploiting flights of fancy. Yet this, our world, so like to yours in a hundred and one parallel instances, has startling differences. Startling to terrestrial eyes, that is, and even to ours, at first.

The pure, sparkling rainbow quality of water here is a wonderful thing to behold. Water comes from the very source of God. It comes from sphere to sphere, undefiled and pure, out of God's throne. There are no shadows, nor sun as a source of Light; yet light is supplied in perfect proportions for all our needs. When I say "no

shadows", I mean our spirit bodies do not create shadow. Water appears to be a living substance and I am sure it is.

We are all children of spirit in the profoundest sense and our well-being is maintained in a thousand subtle ways. There is a beautiful lake, not far distant from our home. We, often, go boating on it. When a girl, I was fond of rowing and, even now, I still prefer to make movement across the water the hard way.

It is purely a matter of choice, for no physical means of propelling a boat is necessary here.

Another thing to note is the way children and the animals come together. Each is an education to the other! Do you remember my dear horse, Paul? Well, he is just as much alive as I am. Animals have a special sphere of their own, but we are free to have them with us if we will. Dad had, already, collected Paul. Scrappy and Scratcher, the boys' dogs, are very much at home and have lost nothing of their character and

individuality, though that old warrior of a Scratcher has ceased to indulge in dog fights, which were such a sore trial to me on earth.

Phyllis has commandeered Jap, the old horse that you, children, loved so much when you were small. He is now a source of great delight to the children in his care. Billy and Daisy, the pet lambs that you are most likely to remember are also there, in company with the multitude of other pets in the Children's Sphere. The earthly bonds of affection pull the same animal towards us here.

Animals, sometimes, play a part in helping new arrivals to adjust themselves to this life. There are many who are more willing to accept their pets than their relations in the bewilderment of their awakening.

You, Lesley, will be delighted with the bird life. Their plumage appears to have taken on a wealth of additional colours, quite indescribable in its grace. I have, at last, realized a life-time's

ambition and have two beautiful peacocks strutting on my lawn. They are like living jewels and are a great source of inspiration and joy to me.

I know we are too prone to affirm that the beauty of our surroundings is indescribable in earthly terms, that it is beyond the power of earthly minds to envisage. But certain qualities have to stretch out from each living soul, who is acclimatized to this sphere – found worthy to live here – in order to record, or register the vibrational joy of living. This “sharing” is a kind of recognition of the beauty of the Divine Spirit who is activating his creation demonstrably.

The poet in an ecstasy of creation, the artist who glimpses divine form and colour, the musician who puts together sounds, almost beyond reach of mortal senses, are probably three types of earth-mortal, who approach nearer to this responsive normal state of ours. Yet an element of divine love and humble gratitude is an

additional blending. It is difficult to believe that there are multitudes of spheres of greater beauty and satisfaction beyond this. These, we have not yet earned the right to visit, but their reality is an accepted fact to us.

Messengers and visitors from these higher realms of light foster a divine discontent that urges us to seek greater spiritual advancement and understanding. Thus are we, children, trained in the ways of our Creator. The keynote to advancement is service, that, and the development of cosmic love.

Nature, on each sphere, spells out its varied lessons. On earth, there is the seeming element of ruthlessness, though here we are taught that this “cruelty” is but a reflection of the aggregate state of advancement of humanity, or the lack of it. Nature reflects the changing moods of man’s very nature on earth. Here, in this exquisite sphere of form, nature mirrors, not only peace, but vibrant harmony. I stress this word “vibrant”,

because we learn that the dynamic thrust can blend with harmony and peace. It is, yet, the apposite of a static quality.

Chapter Eight
TRANSITION BY ACCIDENT

I feel I must seize this opportunity which Granny McLean affords me here, to record my own adventure in being admitted to the new life. I have tuned my consciousness to the proximity of my Aunt Lesley's early morning bedside and her pencil is already hovering on the paper, inviting us to use it.

Hello, Aunty, it is Cliffy,¹¹ here. It is nice to be able to get this message across to you and it will help to clear up some of the mystery that has worried Mum and Dad in regard to my passing.

Like Donald, I had a vague sort of feeling that my earth life was to be a short one. It worried me a lot at times, as it was not very clear to me and made me restless. I felt there was something I

should be getting on with, but wasn't sure what it was. The war didn't improve matters.

Often, I felt I wanted to be by myself, to straighten things out in my mind, but it wasn't until I came over here that the picture became clear to me.

When I took over the farm, I thought I had found the answer and, really, enjoyed the work I put into it. But there was always a feeling of expectancy that something was going to occur. I was feeling on top of the world the day the accident that precipitated me over here happened.

As you know, I went into the village to get a drum of fuel and visited friends, so it was a bit late when I started out for home.

There was a bit of a ground mist and an approaching car dazzled me. I didn't realize I was so near the culvert and pulled over to the side to avoid the oncoming car and, of course,

¹¹ A nephew of Mrs. May's.

headed right over the side into the drain. It all happened so quickly. The next thing I knew, I was standing there looking at the mess of the accident. I was jolly worried about it and wondered, how the dickens, I could get the jeep out of that darned hole.

It wasn't until I noticed that I was, apparently, there as well, that I realized that I must be dead. But I couldn't accept that either, and I decided it was, probably, a nightmare and that I would wake up and find I had dreamt the whole thing.

You know the way it is in dreams, that the most awful things can happen to you. Yet, you have a comfortable feeling that everything will come right in the end. I began to notice people around me. Denzil¹² was there and Grandfather as well. The latter offered me an apple, which made me want to laugh. He had fed me so many of those when I was a kid.

I was still more concerned about the broken-up jeep than I was about myself and wanted to tell Dad about it. I asked Denzil to help me to try and get it out and he said we had better leave it until the morning.

Denzil suggested that I had better take a rest. I, suddenly, realized that I was very tired and the idea of a good sleep appealed to me, but I still wanted to tell Dad and Mum what had happened. Denzil said that was all right and he would take me to Glenbush. When I got there, I just lay down on Mum's bed and went sound asleep.

Denzil explained afterwards, that I was suffering from shock and it would be better if I moved on with him to one of the Halls of Rest on this side. He knew all the ropes and took charge for a bit. It all seemed quite normal and natural after I had talked with him. I was worried about leaving Mum and Dad, but Denzil said I would be able to keep in touch and that there were lots of ways in which I could help them from this side.

¹² A cousin of Cliffy, killed, previously in the R.A.F.

So you see, Aunty, for me, it was as simple as that. I spent a period of time in one of the Halls of Rest and then started investigating all the interesting things on this side. I know I have learned a lot.

As Granny has told you, it is much easier to study over here and there are so many people who are eager to help you. You soon get keen on helping other people, too.

I, quickly, found I had lots and lots of relations here from both sides of the family and I just want to tell Dad that I have had a lot of help from his mother. She is a lovely person and I know now that she influenced me a great deal, even when I was on earth. She, also, influences him and it was through her that he went to live at Glenbush.

As I think you have all begun to realize, there are places on earth that are in closer contact with this sphere than others; places where we are more easily able to make our presence felt. There are many cosmic laws which we can see in

operation, that are quite unknown to you people on earth. These, we cannot explain to you as yet.

Scientists on this side are, gradually, impressing them on similar minds on your side, and they will, in time, become common knowledge. This will make it much easier for us all to keep in touch.

Granny has told you of one of my activities here in regard to the fruit. It was, really, that business of Grandfather offering me an apple when I was standing by the jeep that started me off. Of course, it was so typical of him and he had such a merry twinkle in his eyes as he did it. It went a long way towards reassuring me that there was nothing to worry about. In fact, it wasn't nearly such a silly thing to do as some people may think.

Fruit contains wonderful properties for combating shock. I was too worried to eat it at the time, but it would have done me a lot of good if I had. Grandfather is very pleased to discover

that his theories about a vegetarian diet have a good spiritual basis and that he wasn't such a crank as many people thought. He has taught me a great deal about the spiritual values of fruit into which he, too, has made an extensive study. We work together in this field of service to others.

We have developed a beautiful orchard and I have rather specialized in the study of fruit and its medicinal value. Once you know how, it is very simple to diagnose, from studying the aura of new arrivals, how they will benefit. We find what their individual requirements are, then it is a simple matter to provide them with the fruits that are suited to their needs. So I spend a good deal of my time in the Halls of Rest, as we call the beautiful buildings that are a kind of hospital here, where new arrivals spend a period of readjustment to their spiritual bodies after shedding their physical cloak.

Herbs and flowers, also, play a large part in this type of therapy. It is the glimmering of this

knowledge impressed from this side, that prompts people to choose fruit and flowers as gifts for sick people on earth.

Don't worry about buying expensive specimen blooms for your friends. A mixed bunch of some of the more humble varieties will do them more good and give the healers on this side more material to work with. If possible, always include some herbs. Parsley, mint, thyme, fennel and catmint, to name a few, are all useful. These don't even have to be eaten to serve their purpose. The spiritual body will derive benefit from them and this will be passed on to the physical.

I have tried to convey a bit of my knowledge in this field by impressing Mum¹³ mentally. I know she is interested. I have, also, been able to direct healing to Dad from the herbs that grow up the

¹³ Mrs. Moxham, a sister of Lesley May.

valley. He receives great benefit from prowling about on the hills around the farm.

I should like to add a postscript about our orchards. Many there are here who become experts in horticulture. Fruit trees that bear their choice burden are more catholic in their yield than those of earth. For instance, all fruit, as all else, is a gift from the Divine Father to each sphere of living. But every tree yields whatever is here demanded of it. In practice, we pick all the different types from each pattern of tree. Lemon, orange and grapefruit are produced by the citrus; every variety of plum from those trees that yield such. There is no wastage because the very juice which may be discarded, dissolves into the surrounding ether and, instantaneously, returns to the substance of the tree.

I am told to say that you on earth can, by means of grafting, produce many more varieties of fruit than you do. But each tree has the peculiarities of its species. By obeying the cosmic laws

applicable to all spheres of living, you can multiply the variety from each pattern of tree or of flower.

PICNIC BY THE LAKE

II

Mother here again, Lesley, my darling. It is lovely to be in contact once more in this way. It is the anniversary of our wedding and Dad's birthday as well, so we have arranged a picnic by the lake. Most of our friends of the old days will be with us and, of course, Phyllis is bringing a party of children, including little Richard and his band of friends.

With the children romping in the lovely water and playing under the trees, we elders will recapture happy memories from our earth days and recall incidents from the many picnics and parties we shared then.

There is no need to enumerate the many friends who will join us. All the old timers who shared

our pioneering days are on this side now. As you know many of them, you will be able to visualize our guests.

No doubt you will be thinking I have had time on my hands, with no catering to do. Your mind will go back to the mounds of food I used to prepare for such occasions on the banks of the Loteni, when you were all children.

However, I have not been idle. We have the most wonderful fruit on this plane, of a texture and quality that I am unable to describe to you fully. It has a spiritual quality of sustenance, suitable to our etheric bodies and is greatly enjoyed by all.

There are many varieties. Replicas of earth fruits abound, perfect in every detail to look at. There are, also, many kinds that are unknown to you. But here fruit is of a different substance, as I have said, and although other foods are not necessary to us, we gain much from eating fruit. Like everything else here, the colours are indescribably beautiful, so my energies have

been directed to creating an artistic display, in which I have been greatly helped by Cliffy, who has a keen appreciation of colour and is expert at arrangement.

He, also, has his own orchard and has supplied most of the fruit we are using for the occasion. He has made a study of the therapeutic value so our guests will find that their individual tastes and requirements have been catered for.

AGE AND YOUTH IN SPIRIT

III

He has already told you of his work in the Halls of Rest; building up the etheric bodies of those who have become depleted through their transition from earth. Cliffy has become an expert in this branch of service. He is such a dear, gentle soul, always eager and willing to help others and his understanding nature is well suited to the type of service he has chosen. He has been a great help to me, in many ways, since I came to this side. I am very fortunate to have

such a devoted family around me and I am very proud of my grandchildren.

Age differences melt away, as our consciousness expands; I am no longer their wrinkled old Granny. But they, still, pay me the respect and homage they did on earth and I love them dearly, as my beloved children and children's children.

It was a great joy to me to discover that it is not necessary to retain the physical characteristics of an aged body, once one has become adjusted to conditions here. The change does not come about immediately; as you think, so you are. It takes time for the illusion of age and its attendant ravages to be dispelled from one's mind. It would, I am sure, prove too much of a shock, if one passed over at the age of eighty, or so, and awoke to find oneself back in the prime of life! One's mind, gradually, becomes adjusted to the fact that time is a factor related only to earth conditions. *Time is, therefore, an illusion and not a reality. Once this is grasped, one is no longer*

hampered by its limitations. But this degree of consciousness has to be achieved before the results become manifest.

Just as on earth, it is the things you want to believe that are accepted first, so it did not take me long to dispel the illusion of old age. It is one of the rewards of having lived out a long and complete life on the earth plane. The seeds of this knowledge have already been sown, and, as you know, although your body ages, you still feel that the central "you" is unchanged. So it is not so difficult, after all, to accept the fact that this is, indeed, true, once the earth life has fallen away.

Here, it is quickly realized that, on earth, one has inhabited a spiritual body clothed in flesh and that this body is, merely, the physical vehicle, or outer covering, that has been discarded. The resurrected body cannot, of itself, age.

I am told that when the time comes to pass on from this sphere to a higher one, that a similar

process takes place. But that as there is no dust, or decay here, the elements that compose the vehicle of expression in which we now function are, simply, absorbed back into the ether. We shall, again, find ourselves in a yet more refined body on a higher plane of consciousness. This process continues until ultimate perfection is achieved.

However, as you so often remark, “Eternity is a long time”, and for the present, I am quite content to enjoy my life here. There is so much to do, learn and achieve in this sphere, that I shall, probably, be in it a long time. I am, at present, well content.

I am particularly happy to be allowed to keep in such close contact with my beloved family, who are still on earth. In doing this, I can help others dispel their doubts and fears in regard to death. Had this contact not had an object of service to others in view, I could not have undertaken to give you all these messages. For it requires the

undivided attention of a vast number of workers on this side, to establish and maintain a channel of communication of this strength and clarity. Not only workers from this sphere, but the cooperation and skill of many highly evolved souls from the Spheres of Light have combined in this work.

I do want you to realize this and make every effort on your side to keep this channel open, so that there will be no wastage of the power that is being released for this purpose.

You do not always realize the seriousness of the necessity to make this effort. If you could but glimpse the beautiful light that shines around you, which is reflected from your guides and inspires from the Spheres of Light, when you are giving your attention to this work, and feel the great outpouring of their love and protection, you would be more open to their influence.

Chapter Nine
NURSERIES OF PARADISE

Greetings, my beloved sisters and brother. It is Phyllis here. Forgive me if my first words sound a little formal. I love you very dearly and have often longed to share in your cheerful banter and camaraderie. But this I have only been able to do vicariously, as I touched your lives so briefly, living only in your minds as a puzzling memory of a babe that was expected, yet arrived and departed without drawing breath.

Yet a link had been formed and I was firmly established as one of your earth family group. I was encouraged to share your lives and view your world through your mortal eyes. This, I could not have done, had I not made the descent into matter.

My field of service lay on the Children's Sphere, but first it was necessary to experience the warmth of an earthly body and gain an insight

into the minds of children on earth. I had to feel the love of a mother and the pride of a father in their unborn child.

This, I was able to experience in full measure, for I was a child born of love in a united family group. There was none of the tension experienced by an unwanted child. Although I was the seventh child, there was no dismay at the thought of my arrival. Nothing but genuine disappointment, when I was "born dead", as you phrase it on earth. In reality, my physical body had served its purpose of introducing me to the world of matter. I had acquired a family on earth and was soon taught to use this link to the fullest advantage.

Mother has given you a brief description of the Children's Sphere, but I have been asked by the beloved Masters, from the higher spheres, who are guiding and directing these communications, to give you further details.

Although there are no actual barriers, or demarcations from sphere to sphere, there are degrees of consciousness that give rise to the illusion of separation; but as I can devise no means of conveying the reality to your mind, I must use the phrase and say that the Children's Sphere is divided. Part of it is for the reception of those that have actually lived on earth and part for those that have gathered around them the physical structure of an earth body, but have never used it for soul expression. These latter souls are equally alive in the world of spirit, yet the development of their consciousness is fostered in a different way to those who have actually lived in flesh.

Just as your hospitals on earth have devised a means of incubating premature babies, to protect their bodies until fully developed, so we, too, have protective housing for the little ones who have not achieved full development and have returned to those realms prematurely. There are many devoted workers who undertake the loving

care of these little ones, until they are ready to take their place on the second sphere with their more boisterous brothers and sisters, who have experienced some measure of life on earth.

The children on the second sphere look forward to the arrival of these newcomers, just as earth children do when they are told that they are to have a new brother or sister. For family life is fostered in their minds and a thread of continuity is maintained between the realms of earth and spirit.

Little ones who have been rejected on earth never lack for love and attention here. All are given their rightful opportunity for expansion and development.

The second sphere, as I have termed it, receives the children who have enjoyed an established life on earth. Very young children do not suffer from shock at their transition, for they are still attuned to the world of spirit. For the first seven years of earth life, the spiritual body is very loosely

attached to the physical, and happy children enjoy the best of two worlds. They are in fact undergoing a period of adjustment to their physical bodies. Spiritually, they are not as yet firmly established on the earth sphere. If their earth life terminates during this period, they have no difficulty in accepting their return to spiritual realms, which are more familiar to them than their earthly surroundings. There they are kept in contact with their earthly family and continue to enjoy the love of both realms.

As Mother has already told you, the children are surrounded with great beauty. Flowers, forests and streams abound and birds and animals are their constant companions. They are encouraged to develop their individuality and take great pride in the creation of their own little houses and gardens. These remain in being just as long as they give satisfaction. But they are constantly replaced, or altered, according to the desire of their creators. Thus we have an ever shifting scene of kaleidoscopic colour, for children

quickly tire of their creations and are eager to replace them with others.

Just as on earth, children are eager to imitate the ideas of others, so for a time it may become the craze to live in wigwams and smoke pipes of peace. Accordingly, the children devise appropriate costumes and head-dresses and games in pursuit of this idea, the woods being dotted with little Red Indian settlements and whooping bands.

Children of all races play happily together, introducing the ideas and customs of their earth lives to others. An example of this recently took place when there was an influx of Japanese children. All the little girls in the group of which I am in charge, assumed the graceful kimono style of dress, and chrysanthemums became the popular garden flower.

Children have a wonderful capacity for cosmic love, for sympathy and understanding of others and vie with each other in their efforts to make

newcomers feel happy and at ease in their new surroundings. Their creative ability far surpasses that of adults, for they have the necessary faith in their creations and require very little help, or direction, in the moulding of spiritual matter. The result may not always be perfect, according to architectural standards, but it is certainly picturesque and colourful. Towers and turrets are popular on houses. These are often placed at precarious angles, but that does nothing to detract from their beauty.

The education of children is conducted on lines of self-expression and service. If this method were to be used on earth, there would be far fewer cases of maladjustment. Your problems of juvenile delinquency would fall away. It is important to establish the knowledge that each soul is an individual idea of the Great Spirit of Creation; one who has been granted the gift of self-expression in his service and thus has a responsibility to God and his entire creation which can only be completed by the individual.

Children quickly grasp this idea, and take pride in their responsibility. They are encouraged to develop the gifts and abilities that lie dormant in their subconscious minds, and as these are brought to the surface and take expression, so their personalities unfold.

This is achieved with greater rapidity on this sphere, as children are not restricted by hampering endeavours of their teachers to make them conform to a pattern, as, unfortunately, is the case in your schools.

Please do not entertain the idea that children are, immediately, transformed to the status of angelic beings on arrival into these realms. There are many who have suffered conditions of conflict, hatred and fear in their earthly lives and have built up mental barriers of mistrust that must be gently broken down and dispersed, before they can become adjusted to happy conditions. The ill treatment of children on the earth is a matter of great sorrow to workers in the realms of spirit.

Happily adjusted children play a large part in the rehabilitation of the maladjusted, for they have great capacity in expressing loving compassion; they yearn to dispel the darkness of fear. They are aided and encouraged in their endeavours by advanced beings from the Spheres of Light. They are protected as well, because, often, their efforts are viciously rejected. being regarded with mistrust by these unfortunate ones, who have been conditioned in cruelty and hate and seek revenge.

The process of winning newcomers over to happier conditions is often slow, for they are suspicious and doubtful of the intentions of the children that approach them. But love and truth always prevail in the end and there is great rejoicing amongst the other children when the task is accomplished.

This is one of the most rewarding fields of service in which the children engage, for it is thus that they gain an insight into the minds of

others and another petal of the flower of understanding unfolds. For it is necessary for their development that they should be brought in contact with conditions of which they have had no previous experience. Thus they learn to dispel darkness by the brightness of their own light.

The Children's Sphere is under the direct supervision of the Master Jesus, whose compassionate love the children strive at all times to emulate. They, readily, accept visitors from the high spheres and are often rewarded for special merit by expeditions to more advanced places.

Perhaps you feel that I have given you a rather cold and impersonal account of this sphere. I find it difficult to convey to you the beauty and vibrant love that is the keynote here and must, of necessity, leave much to your imagination.

For the consolation of all parents who have lost a beloved child, I have tried to paint an overall picture, so that they may visualize their loved

one's progress. The bond of love is never severed and the silver thread of memory is woven into the pattern of God's perfect tapestry that transcends all time and space, until the picture is complete.

Children are quick to perceive the field of service best suited to their individuality and they are encouraged to develop their spiritual qualities and to absorb the practical knowledge best suited to their needs in whatever line of progress they undertake to follow.

They are not influenced by the selfish desires of others, to force them on to an uncongenial path, as so often happens on earth, when parents or guardians often endeavour to fulfil their own ambitions, or retrieve lost opportunities through the lives of others. Here, the individuality of the soul is recognized and children are encouraged to make their own decisions. In this way, they achieve fuller development because they open their minds to the forces of inspiration, without

becoming clouded, or confused, by the conflicting desires and emotions of others.

Education is not the tedious affair it is on earth. Knowledge is absorbed without undue effort. The mind retains the impression it has received. You would be amazed at the extent of the knowledge of quite small children on this sphere. Yet they are in no way precocious. Laughter and happiness are the keynote of this life, for the children are one with the spiritual forces of nature, which they know and understand.

DEVELOPMENT THROUGH THE EARTH FAMILY

II

Birds and animals, trees and flowers, are their companions and playmates. These are, rightly, regarded as living entities and as expressions of the Divine Mind.

It is this spiritual awareness that makes this sphere a place of unsurpassed beauty, vibrant with happiness and contentment.

My beloved sister, it has given me great happiness to draw so close to you in the communion of this contact. I feel that we have gained a mutual understanding of each other's minds, because I have established myself in your consciousness, just as firmly as my other sisters and brothers who have shared your earth life. I love you all so dearly, and I have always longed to be recognized as one of the family. I have followed the progress of your earthly lives with eagerness and I have shared in your happiness. Through this, I have gained much knowledge and experience. But all this I could not have done, had I not been privileged to establish myself on the earth plane, even for so brief a period.

It was not until father came to this side that I was able to make a firm contact and take my rightful place in the family group. He had attained great heights of spiritual awareness while yet on earth and found no difficulty in accepting me. I was

then able to prove my relationship to Douglas and Clifford, as well.

It was at their instigation that an attempt was made to contact you all at Glenbush. They wanted me firmly to establish myself with the rest of you who were still on earth. Dear mother still gets teased by them for resisting the idea, in the shock of the first contact, that she had a daughter named Phyllis on this side. I was grateful to you for remembering that father had, indeed, given me a baptismal name before my earth body was laid to rest, in that lovely peaceful spot at Morvern.

Whatever doubts mother may have had, they were soon dispelled when she came over here. So I am greatly rewarded by her love. It is a wonderful experience for me, to enjoy the close companionship of my own mother and father and brothers in the beautiful surroundings of these realms. These I have waited, so patiently, to

show them. I find I have a great many ideas in common, which are family characteristics.

I find mother a delightful companion. Everyone says we are more like sisters than mother and daughter. She has such a wonderful zest for life and such an inquiring mind. I have visited many places in her company that were beyond the range of my ambition, or interest, until her arrival. She has opened up many new vistas of thought and understanding for me and I have been privileged to impart to her the knowledge gained from my own experiences. In this way, we are able to help each other on the path of spiritual progress.

Dear father's quiet humour and deeply spiritual nature is the perfect complement to mother's exuberance. I find his company restful, yet stimulating. I love him very dearly. We, their children, are very fortunate to have been born of the marriage of this perfect unity of souls.

My beloved sister, I must leave you now. It is with great reluctance that I relinquish the control. To each one of you, my dear family on earth, I extend my love and gratitude for the experience I have gained through following your present lives and individual progress and development.

I am, also, grateful to your guides and inspirers for having been allowed to share in this communication. I trust that my humble efforts will bear fruit on the earthly plane. May my story lead the minds of many parents to their often forgotten children in these realms who are being directed and guided into maturity in the Nurseries of Paradise.

Chapter Ten
THE DARKER SPHERES

Beloved, I bring you greetings from the Brotherhood of Light. We guard and protect these dear ones as they draw near to you in their endeavour to bring light and understanding into your lives, that you, in turn, may share it with others and thus complete their cycle of service.

There are many who will query and possibly reject these communications. Be not discouraged, the seeds have been sown and the harvest of understanding, be it great or small, will enrich the lives of many on your earth.

Hullo, Squeaker. It is Clifford here, again. I feel that there are many here, who have had far more experience and are much more competent to deal with the subject that we are about to discuss than I am. But as this is a family chronicle, I have been chosen to deal with the matter.

You have asked for information in regard to the conditions on the lower Astral planes, as you call them. Also, for details of the work done by the rescue teams that descend to these regions in an effort to lead the inhabitants up to a higher level.

For some time past, we have been taking you on conducted tours of some of these regions during your sleep state. I know that you have retained the memory of some of the people you met and the conditions under which they are living. So you will have an idea of what I am talking about.

Two pictures are particularly clear in your mind. We will start with those. I will try and give you an idea of the mental attitude of the people concerned and how they came to be stranded in the conditions in which you saw them. Unfortunately, you have only retained a fragment of the picture I was trying to show you, so it is, still, going to be difficult for me. But, perhaps, you will recall more details as we go along.

To my mind, the thing that confuses the issue, is all this talk of spheres and planes and regions, that seem to have become the accepted phraseology when trying to explain conditions on our side of life. In my opinion, they give you a false idea. Yet it is difficult not to use them. But they are very elastic terms and should be regarded as such.

The way I see it, is that there are different levels of understanding in which people build up their own conditions according to their desires. Like definitely attracts like. So you will find large congregations of people, who have shared the same mental outlook on earth, banded together here.

The slums, as I call them, on this side are inhabited by the foulest types of humanity. They are not forced into this way of life by adverse conditions, as is often the case on earth. No. It is something they have earned, or should I say, desired. Many sanctimonious old people, who,

apparently, led virtuous lives on earth, are now satisfying their secret passions and perversions, in the company of kindred souls.

The lowest pits of degradation are much worse than anything you have on earth in the practice of vice, malice and cruelty. But throughout them, the law of justice reigns. There are no innocent victims here, on whom human venom can be vent. These poor souls are all alike and must work salvation out together.

There is nothing much that can be done for these people until they become sickened and satiated through and through. They then feel a desire for a better way of life. But it may take them ages to desire this change. However, some time or other, they will start the journey to higher mental levels.

If you will cast your mind back over recorded history, to all the crimes that have been committed in the name of religion and reform, the persecution and tortures that have been

practised by people of all nations on innocent victims, you will realize how these cesspools of darkness have been built up and you will, also, realize the justice of that law, demanding that they should be inhabited by those who have created such evils.

These regions are, literally, dark and evil smelling as, well. They are cold and dank and slimy. I, sometimes, think that the orthodox hell, with its pit of everlasting flame, would be quite cheerful in comparison. If there is such a place, I have not, as yet, seen it.

I see that you are wondering why rescue parties should “waste their time”, as you put it, in descending to these levels. This is always done in the company of very exalted beings from the higher spheres, who have progressed beyond human thought and attained true compassion. Their very presence ventilates the place and sheds light in the stygian darkness. Those who are not ready for reform, shrink away from it,

seeking the cover of darkness to continue their misdeeds. In others, it breeds an uneasiness of mind and the inkling of a desire for better things. For these souls, the light is gradually increased, according to their desire to accept it. *But no soul is condemned to everlasting punishment. Help is always at hand for those who recognize their need for it.*

A little higher in the scale, we have the congregation of poverty stricken souls, whose earth desire had been the gratification of their own selfish aims, with a complete disregard for the rights of their fellow men. They live in a sere and yellow world of sparse vegetation. Bleak expanses of sand and rocks encompass them, symbolizing the mean conditions they were prepared to offer to others while they lived in the lap of luxury on earth.

You will remember having seen some of these pathetic creatures and the dilapidated hovels in which they lived, during your astral travels with

me. Your mind shied away from the memory of the fouler regions. I do not blame you for this because those conditions were not pleasant to recall. However, I see you have a clear picture in your mind of the level that I am now discussing.

People who have attached great importance to their material earthly possessions, find themselves frustrated here. They cannot bring these things with them, as all new arrivals to these realms must earn the right of possession, either by service to others on earth, or by spiritual service here.

These poor souls are reaping the harvest of their folly. They were selfishly grasping in their desire for material wealth and attained their earthly ambition at the expense of others. The vision of the suffering they have caused is ever before them, although they still refuse to accept that responsibility. Their minds still cling, tenaciously, to their desire for earthly possessions. These, literally, crumble away to

dust and ashes within their grasp. The few paltry remnants of their earthly glory that they are able to draw to themselves by their strong concentration of thought, have no place in the world of spirit and rapidly disintegrate. These things have neither use nor ornamentation here, where all things are composed of spiritual matter.

Many such people are helped by the very persons whose earth lives they made miserable, if the latter have preceded them here and are sufficiently advanced spiritually to be prepared to offer their services.

The bonds of love and hate are closely interlinked. They appear as different sides of a coin. Thus you find that debts are often reversed on this side; for many an advanced soul feels that he owes a debt to the author of his bitter earthly misery. In overcoming this condition, he has learnt a spiritual lesson, earning advancement in understanding. This reward he now desires to

share with his unwitting benefactor, when such a soul needs his help.

No coercion is used on this side. Helpers just cruise around looking for signs of improvement. Their presence adds warmth and light, to which these souls in darkness, in time, respond. It is rather like the effect of sunshine on a garden. The seed is there, which struggles upward towards the light. Once it has expanded sufficiently to throw off its shell and desires the light, it starts to make the ascent.

Everything is controlled by natural laws. You have many illustrations of the working of the Master Mind, if you take a good look at nature. Think about it a bit. To you the process is still mysterious. On this side we learn to work with the cosmic laws. But even here we are only on the outer fringe of understanding. We are in no position to criticize others, who are less fortunate than we are. We have no illusions about ourselves and know jolly well that the job we are

doing, is as much for our own benefit, as it is for those we are trying to help. There are plenty of more advanced souls who are doing exactly the same task on our level of understanding. They, in time, will help us to accept advancement to an even higher level, by awakening our desire to advance. To them, we are still in spiritual darkness, for they have risen above form and, no longer, desire its manifestation in their surroundings. We, however, are, as yet, content to linger in our present environment, in a world of familiar objects, very similar to those that appeared desirable to us while yet on earth. These surroundings are, nonetheless, composed of more ethereal matter. But we, still, cling to landscapes, houses, bodies and that sort of thing.

Just as we can descend to the lower levels for talks with those who are prepared to listen, so they can come to us and attempt to awaken a desire for expansion of our understanding. It is a process of gradual refinement.

Well, I've tried to give you an overall picture and hope you have assimilated the general idea. Time is running out and I must leave now. Clifford.

Chapter Eleven
LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Hello, Lel. It is Douglas on the line. As you know, I have not had much experience in controlling your hand. I've always left it to the other members of the family. However, Mother feels that the family story would not be complete unless we have all had a stir at the pudding. So it is my turn for the spoon.

The rest of the family seem to have covered a good deal of ground and have not left very much for me to say. But while we are on the subject of rescue work, I would like to pay a tribute to the workers on your side, for their courage in tackling this problem and for the very real assistance they give to workers on this side in dislodging people who are clinging to their old earthly surroundings. Many an earth-bound spirit has no evil intent. He is simply reluctant to sever his connection with the earth. His motives are as varied as the sands of the sea. So it would be

useless to try and give you details of why they cling to their particular surroundings.

Many do so and have done so for countless ages. Very few people on earth give thought to the traces of buried civilizations that lie beneath the earth's surface. These historical sites contain millions of inhabitants. If archaeologists took a team of psychics with them when they are excavating, they would be astonished to find that many of the ancient cities they unearth, are still inhabited and that there is strong opposition to the removal of people's long cherished possessions. They would, also, learn a great deal more about the races who lived in ancient times, as they continue to cling to their ancient way of life. Naturally the outward material evidence of the civilization they cherished has long since been buried. It is lost to the five senses of human ken.

Almost all ancient relics that have been found in a perfect state of preservation, owe this sound

preservation to entities who have been guarding them and whose sustained interest has kept them together. In these cases, there is a kind of interchange of life force in which the material object and the human spirit have become bonded together. It is not a very healthy relationship, for sometimes, when these objects are unearthed, very destructive forces are released.

One object may have a hundred or more entities attached to it if, during the period of its national interest, it was considered to be of great value. On the other hand, it may be a practically worthless article which has become a bone of contention between earth-bound spirits, who are all warring for its possession, simply because it was precious to one of them in the first place. It has become rather like a piece of fly paper to which they are all stuck, in their efforts to wrest it from one another.

The legendary "bad luck" that dogs the footsteps of treasure hunters the world over, has a very

definite basis in fact; for possessing spirits make every effort to defend their treasure against all comers. They then present an united front, their own differences forgotten for the time. As allies, they turn their sole attention to fending off the new enemy. They gain strength from the human element that is now brought into their orbit and can, on occasions, detach themselves from the material object and gain a fixation in the human aura.

Here, they regain a measure of enjoyment of the earth life that they have been so reluctant to leave. They can, to some extent, influence and direct the actions of their unwitting host into channels that will give them the opportunity to express their own desires. This influence may be good or bad, according to the nature of the obsessing entity. I will go into that more fully later. I am, at present, trying to direct your attention to the many millions of earth-bound souls who are a residue from the earliest inhabitants of the planet, earth.

I think we might take Egypt for an example, where excavations have been carried out on a large scale and where many ancient tombs have been opened, allegedly in the interest of past scientific investigation, but, more often, by treasure seekers, out for material gain. These areas are, literally, a hive of earth-bound spirits, mostly of slaves. Many of them were born into slavery and have retained that attitude of mind.

Here again, you have a division of motives. Many, who are caught in this miasma, are there because of their devotion to duty. Many of these slaves were devoted to their masters and have stayed to guard their tombs, or their possessions. Sometimes, their masters are still with them. On the other hand, you have the disgruntled ones, who had long coveted material wealth and to whom these baubles have become a point of fixation. There is, thus, a continual war going on between the two factions.

These people are in the world of spirit, yet not of it. They have created a bond with matter and have penetrated into it, to such an extent, that they have, practically, become a part of matter. When the third factor of human interest is added, a highly dangerous situation arises. This causes a splitting of the emotional atom, so to speak, and results occur that are almost as disruptive as the explosion of an atomic bomb.

If all these factors were investigated and a combined team of archaeologists, scientists and psychics worked together, much could be done that would be of great benefit to mankind. Not only would there be a mass release of these unfortunate souls, but a great deal of useful information could be obtained, that would be of real value to scientists.

Having dealt with the more extreme cases of earth fixation, let us pass on to more modern times. There are many thousands who are roaming the city streets, crowding into places of

entertainment, leaning on bar counters, or simply sitting quietly in their favourite armchair at home. For all types are represented. These people cannot accept the reality of a life after death. They have been deceived by the simplicity of their transition. They simply do not *accept* the fact that they have died.

I understand their attitude very well, for as Clifford has told you, both he and I found ourselves in this fix, for a time after we had passed over. After all the complicated horror of war, the very simplicity of death was a sort of anti-climax. Our only desire was to be near home and family – that, and the peace and quiet of the old farm. We had had enough of seeking adventure on distant horizons. At least, I had. Clifford and I used to argue about it for hours. He had been, more or less, convinced by the rescue teams that there were better things ahead.

But I was very disgruntled about the whole business. I regarded Clifford's helpers rather in

the light of a lot of bally recruiting officers. Any glory they had to offer, they could keep, as far as I was concerned. I just wanted to be left alone.

There was so much I wanted to do on the farm. I used to walk around planning where I could break up fresh ground, plant fresh pastures, fence in new paddocks.

My inability to get to grips with physical things irritated me beyond measure. But I felt it was a temporary disability; that if I waited a while I would be able to think of some method of overcoming it. I wanted, desperately, to get back into the earthly stream of traffic and felt there must be a loop-hole, somewhere, in the barrier that cut me off from my earth-life.

I was furious with Clifford, because he was spending more and more time with the rescue teams that were trying to help us; he was becoming indoctrinated with their philosophy. At that stage, we were hardly on speaking terms.

We spent a great deal of our time brooding over our plight on separate rocks.

Then Clifford was persuaded to go to a Spiritualist church service. That was the time he gave you a message through a medium, Lel. The whole jig-saw fell into a completed pattern. After he had made that contact, he was able, in time, to persuade me to join him in his excursions. I, gradually, came to see what was going on with other people who were floating around in a like predicament.

In all rescue work the first step is to break down the barrier of selfish introspection. Once you are persuaded to forget your own troubles and look around you, the light begins to dawn. If you can be led to a group of sensitives on the earth, who are making a genuine effort to help, so much the better. They can give you the necessary boost that breaks the bond of earth fixation.

People cling, desperately, to whatever earthly way of life was familiar to them. They dread the

unknown. Most people are terrified of death, whether or not they admit it. When they find themselves on the other side of the fence, they often make desperate attempts to break down the barrier and get back to the old familiar pasture. Alternately, they simply pace up and down, helplessly, railing at their fate.

Earlier on, I promised to tell you more about obsessing spirits. They are, invariably, prompted by motives of extreme selfishness. They are often people of low intellect. They are the parasites of the spirit world who are prepared to go to any length of degradation to find a human host.

They are quite ruthless in their determination to force an entry into the aura of some unsuspecting earthly victim. They wish to dominate lives of human beings in the flesh. Here again, you will find a great diversity of motive; from the domineering mother, who is determined to cling to same hapless child, in the mistaken belief that

she, alone, has the right to direct its mind and actions, to the downright evil character, who has chosen this method of satisfying his earthly desires by influencing his host to lead a degraded life.

Unless the obsessing entity is of a very strong character, he or she is liable to be joined by others, who have observed the rent in the human aura and are eager to rush in. The confusion is then appalling and the human victim is often driven to insanity by the conflicting desires and emotions of this warring host, each of whom is fighting for supremacy. Your mental hospitals are crowded with such people who have been attacked and whose auras and personalities have been so violated.

Sensitives are particularly liable to become victims and the continual warnings that are given from this side, should be taken far more seriously than they are.

There is a vast difference between spirit obsession and spirit control. *Every effort should be made to make this clear to the general public, in the interest of our world and yours.* It is a simple matter for you to take the precaution of asking for protection before attempting communication with this side. This is, particularly, important for lone investigators like yourself.

In a properly conducted circle, it is established ritual to open and close with prayer. But sitting down as you do, at odd moments, to make contact with us, you are apt to forget this necessity. Thus you have had a couple of unpleasant experiences as a result.

It would be a great help to workers on this side, if psychic clinics were to be established on earth, where anyone suffering from confusion could be screened, in order to establish whether or not their trouble was being caused by obsessing entities. These people are very difficult to

dislodge, for it is almost impossible to eject them from this side without the co-operation of an earth sensitive, or better still, a team of sensitives.

Like all bullies, these entities are, also, cowards. Although completely deaf to the voice and promptings of spirit, they will respond to a stern order, spoken authoritatively, in a human voice. Once dislodged, measures can be taken on this side to restrain their activities. Also, efforts are made to direct their interest into healthier channels.

Obsessing entities are not only the cause of *mental* distress and confusion, but can be a contributing factor to *physical* diseases as well. They frequently convey to their victims the symptoms and disabilities of diseases, or injuries, that have caused their own deaths. For the mental and physical well-being of your world, it would be of great advantage if a team

of investigators made a study of this branch of psychic science.

It would, also, be of great help to healers, if patients seeking spiritual aid, were first screened by a clairvoyant. As you can imagine, the presence of an obstructing entity diverts the flow of spiritual power that is directed from spiritual levels. This is so often the reason why patients fail to respond to spiritual healing.

On this side, we are all eager to see the development of psychic awareness in every individual on earth. Everyone has some potential psychic gift that can be improved upon, be it ever so humble a contribution to the whole. As more and more barriers are being broken down between our world and yours, co-operation becomes easier. But there is still far too much apathy on your side. What we need is *action*! Forget all your petty differences and jealousies. Work together as a team. We will do all we can,

on this side, to help and direct your efforts into the right channels.

No individual effort is wasted. All goes into the pool, so you need never feel that you are working alone. Although you may be cut off from contact with other workers in a physical sense, there is always a mental contact with like minds, which can be fostered and improved, by clearing your thought channels of criticism, and by allowing a free flow to take place.

Much of what I have told you in this communication may be difficult for you to accept; yet it is the truth as I see it. Truth has many facets. It is only by viewing it from different angles that a true picture is obtained. In these communications we are endeavouring to give you as many different points of view as possible, within the confines of our family's experience. Our task has been made easier, both by the ties of family relationship and the bond of

affection. These pierce the barrier between our different worlds.

I was doubtful, in the beginning, of my ability to control your hand, to convey an uninterrupted flow of ideas to your mind. But I have found it surprisingly easy. This was a great idea of Mother's and I am glad we have been permitted to carry it out. I have been allowed more than my fair share of allotted time and must leave now. God bless you all! Douglas.

Mother here, again. We were all at the Remembrance Day service in Durban, of which Grace has told you in her letter. Hers was, of course, the earthly perspective. What a wonderful help that service has been to hundreds of bewildered souls, wandering in the mists of uncertainty.

Douglas and Clifford were working with Edmund's friend, Jack,¹⁴ who has a very able

band of workers attached to him on this side of life. They have built up a wonderful organization to aid souls in the realm of the "drifters". These are the unfortunate souls who are entangled in the mists of uncertainty and seem to lack initiative to raise themselves from this apathy.

Many, many of the lads who were precipitated into the realms of spirit on the world's battlefields of all ages, are held in this condition. Bewildered by their sudden passing and the ghastly circumstances attached to the death of their earth bodies, they brood continuously, feeling forgotten by God and man, alike.

Jack, with his sunny nature and great spiritual understanding, is admirably suited to lend aid to these unfortunate ones and he is greatly helped by his strong spiritual affinity with his friend on earth, from whom he is able to draw much power. In rescue work of this nature, it is of the utmost importance to have a strong spiritual link with someone on earth. Conditions at this

¹⁴ Jack Wilson. A spirit friend of Edmund Bentley's.

Remembrance Day church service were ideal, with all the workers, as well as many in the large congregation, keenly attuned to spirit.

Jack has a wonderful gift for organization. Literally thousands of men here, were drawn to this assembly. The spirit of idealism, fostered and revived, cleared their minds for the in pouring of spiritual understanding. They will never slip back into the negative condition in which they had dwelt for so long. It is a great pity that you cannot see for yourselves the wonderful results of such services. Not only are you helping those on this side, but you are improving conditions in your world as well.

All these souls will now become workers on a positive field. They will contribute their quota of light to the spiritual forces that are being built up to dispel the darkness of war and racial hatreds from the minds of men.

Chapter Twelve **DAD GREETES HIS FAMILY**

We, The Brotherhood of Light, bring to you your beloved Father¹⁵ that the circle of family unity should be made complete. The halo of their love shall surround and enrich your earthly lives until your cycle of service is, also, completed and you, too, are released from the bonds of the flesh.

My beloved family, I have none of Mother's ability with a pen and, I dare say, each one of you can count on the fingers of one hand the number of letters you have received from me in a lifetime. But I never lacked interest in your concerns and I have always loved each one of you dearly, taking pride in your individual achievements.

¹⁵ James William McLean "passed over" in his ninetieth year.

On this side all feeling is intensified, with our shortcomings revealed to us in great clarity. I owe a great debt of gratitude to your Mother, who shouldered many earthly burdens that should have been mine. Her loyalty and love should be an inspiration to each one of you, as indeed, it is.

As I review the earthly pattern of our lives from this level, I am overcome with the realization of the magnitude of her courage in facing situations that, at times, seemed insurmountable. She never professed an adherence to any particular religious belief; yet, always, she has demonstrated the power and presence of the God within. She often proclaims that I am more spiritually advanced than she is. This is not so. I humbly salute her as the greater soul. We seek advancement by different methods only. She, through practical demonstration, and I, through contemplation.

There are many paths to ultimate perfection. Each individual soul seeks according to the prompting of the divine spirit within; if it were not so, the fullness of Divine Mind would not achieve perfect expression.

The Master Jesus proclaimed a great truth when he stated: "In my Father's house are many mansions." In that one simple sentence he embraced the whole conception of Divine Mind, from the humblest molecule of matter to the highest spheres of perfection. Each has its place in the house of God.

My study of Christian Science had schooled me to meditation. I knew that life continued after death, but I was quite unprepared for the reality of awakening on this side of the veil. As Douglas has said, it is the very simplicity of death that makes it difficult to accept.

Each of us, while yet on earth, if we are disposed to give the matter consideration, builds up a complicated picture of some celestial state, a

condition tinged with light and darkness according to our hopes and fears. In my own case, I had this vision of an unsubstantial disembodied state of celestial bliss, which I now see was presumptuous, as I had done nothing to earn it. It was, also, a very selfish conception of individual attainment. Divine Mind has conceived a perfect plan of gradual advancement; a plan that banishes all conceit. Ultimate perfection can only be reached when all selfish desires have been overcome.

While on the subject of my entry into this life, I want to thank each one of you girls for your cheerful devotion in nursing me through my last illness. Your laughter and teasing created a cheerful atmosphere around me and relieved the tedium of waiting for my release. I particularly remember asking Grace for her views on death and her laughing reply. "It's just like an old puffadder changing its skin. You will still be the same old puffadder when you've wriggled out of it."

I was shocked at the levity of such a comparison, but it is, indeed, as simple and practical as that, as I was soon to find. Buffalo and the boys who were standing by to greet me, were delighted with this remark and repeated it to me when I joined them. Any thoughts I had entertained, of personal grandeur and a celestial paradise, were quickly dispelled. Reunion with family and friends is a far more satisfying and normal step forward as it is in accordance with natural law and order.

Divine Mind has perceived the necessity for a gradual awakening of the soul in diverse schools of experience, the rate of progress of which is controlled by the individual, according to his desires. In this sphere, the crystal clarity of thought penetrates the darkest recesses of the mind, revealing all hidden faults, coupled with an overwhelming desire to atone for one's shortcomings.

During a long life on earth one incurs many debts of responsibility, both to God and his creation. All must be paid. Here, one is presented with the bill, so to speak. On the credit side, we have the generous rewards for whatever good we have done. This is the bank on which we can draw for the settlement of our obligations.

As Mother has told you, this is a very pleasant paradise, where the earth theme is still externalised by the minds of men. It is a clean world of ethereal matter, moulded on a spiritual pattern, acceptable to the awakening soul. But it is by no means the ultimate goal of human endeavour.

Here, we must tarry for a while, until this cycle of service is complete. Thus we have many obligations, both to those of you on earth, to whom we are linked in the bonds of love and, also, to the many who have already joined us, whose life pattern is entwined with our own. All these duties must be faced before advancement

to higher spheres can be achieved. Our progress is accelerated or retarded, according to our desire to accept or reject these responsibilities. There can be no evasion.

I know you are thinking that all this has been said before. That is perfectly true, but it is only by repetition that the truth can be brought home to you. The purpose of these communications is not only to prove the survival of individuals, but, also, to give you some idea of your obligations to God and your fellow men; to awaken a desire to conduct your earth lives on a pattern that will obviate many regrets when you reach this side.

Although, in outward form, the sphere we are now in has many of earth's familiar features, they are, in fact, a mental creation, born of our desire for familiar surroundings and provided for our comfort through the divine wisdom of Creative Mind. *This does not detract, in any way, from their solidarity.* Our world is as real to us as yours is to you, but were you to be

transported here in your physical state, ours would be invisible to you. The same law applies with regard to higher spheres. There, there are barriers which we cannot penetrate, simply because we are not attuned to their higher vibration.

The inhabitants of these regions can and do descend to our level, to share their love and wisdom and encourage us with their warmth and light to seek further progress on the path of spiritual attainment. They can, on occasions, raise us to their level, taking us on brief excursions to the higher realms. They do not descend in the form of angels with wings, or pillars of flame, but walk amongst us and speak as man to man, just as Jesus did when he made the descent into matter, to bring his message of peace and goodwill to man. Here we have risen above the craving for superstitious phenomena, mystery and miracles, which still cloud many minds on earth. We are able to accept the straightforward plan of steady progress, progress

according to natural laws controlled and directed by Creative Mind. There is a gradual refinement of mind and matter until states of formlessness become desirable and the soul becomes merged with the unifying Spirit which we call God.

There are many spheres to be experienced, for all expansion of understanding creates a plane within a plane. You, also, have diversity in communities and nations, each subscribing to a particular way of life according to desires; yet all inhabiting the same planet. We, on this side, are surrounded by other communities, some less and others more advanced than ourselves. Yet, we are on the same vibratory level and can move freely amongst each other. But to achieve entry to a higher sphere, the aid of one of the inhabitants must be enlisted, for the laws that govern their lives are not yet fully understood by us. We must be conducted and guided by them. Invitations are freely given and eagerly accepted.

I will leave Mother to give you an account of one of these excursions, as her ability to describe places and events is far superior to my own. I do not feel that I have contributed much of spiritual wisdom in this communication, but drawing near to you has strengthened the bond of family unity which is the theme we wish to stress. I believe that the foundation of family loyalty is the rock on which the whole edifice of progressive understanding, of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, is based. As we progress in understanding, new vistas are opened to us of our responsibility to mankind as a whole.

But all in time will be united and the perfect plan of Creative Mind revealed.

God bless each one of you, my beloved children. The power is failing and I must go. Dad.

Chapter Thirteen **INNER PLANES OF SPIRIT**

We, The Brotherhood of Light bring once more your beloved mother to greet you. The task she has undertaken is almost complete and for a short while you will be cut off from this close contact with your family. Be not dismayed. They have done much to strengthen your awareness of the world of spirit. Their messages will bring comfort and understanding to many who mourn on earth. Those who read them will be drawn into the aura of love that has prompted these dear ones to draw aside the curtain that divides your world and theirs. Many willing souls have aided them in this projection to earth. The essence of their love permeates the words that have been written, thus uniting many family groups. For each is a cell within a cell, so to speak. All are united in the whole. Go in peace.

Hullo, my darlings. It is Mother here, again. I am going to miss these cosy little chats with you when this work is completed, because although we will be allowed to come through to you from time to time, it will not be with the same regularity that we have enjoyed over the last few months. Our energies are to be diverted into different channels, as, indeed, yours will be, also. Conveying these messages to you has been a big undertaking. It has required a great deal of team work. We are all grateful for the help we have received from the many people who have been involved. Much that has been said is of a personal nature, yet there has been an amalgamation of thought projection that will awaken a response in the hearts of many people on earth, whose loved ones on this side have aided us. To others these messages will be just as personal as they are to each one of you, for others will perceive the love and influence of their own dear ones, which is the underlying fabric on which the messages have been built.

I know you have often wondered why I have made no mention of your inspirers from the Brotherhood of Light, who have made such a deep impression on your life. I have been asked to tell you that they are, indeed, an amalgam of the spiritual family to which you belong, the one-in-many. I will try to explain this to you later, as it was explained to me during a recent visit to one of the higher spheres. But first I want to tell you something of the details of this expedition.

Dad, Phyllis, Donald and I were included in the invitation, which was given to us by Leo Radyer,¹⁶ who is the only one of your guides that I have seen in form. He, frequently, descends to the temple although his true place is in the spheres beyond. I cannot describe to you the wonderful feeling of peace that is conveyed to us by these visitors. They radiate love and compassion; they make us all feel that we have a definite

¹⁶ A “high” inspirer.

part to play in the great Universe of God. They encourage us to greater efforts by their very presence, but there is none of the “I am holier than thou” attitude in their association with us.

In fact, there are many who move about amongst us without our being aware that they are, indeed, messengers from more advanced spheres. We wonder why we have had a sudden feeling of upliftment after talking with them.

Leo is a particularly cheerful soul. He made us feel perfectly at ease when he was preparing us for our trip. He explained that it would be simpler if we made the temple our starting point, as we are all accustomed to its vibration. Thus it would require very little extra power to transport us from there. He, laughingly, said that his experience as a Franciscan Friar had made him thrifty, so that he did not believe in wasting anything. He led us into the beautiful sanctuary, which is, normally, out of bounds. The increased

vibration was, immediately, felt by each one of us and was quite awe inspiring.

He, then, pronounced a blessing, laying his hand on each of our heads in turn. It was as though some magic rite had been performed, for we, immediately, found ourselves in another world. Leo assured us that there was nothing magical about it. All that had happened was that our vibrations had been raised and equalized with the vibration of the sphere of consciousness we were now viewing. As we advanced spiritually, we would be able to make this adjustment without the aid of others.

I had not thought it possible that grass, flowers and trees could be more beautiful than those in the sphere in which we dwelt. I don't quite know what I had expected, but the sight that met my eyes left me quite breathless with wonder. Each flower, shrub and plant shimmered with light, the range of their colours being impossible to describe. It seemed as if we had entered into the

very soul quality of all that was around us. I could not believe they were solid to the touch, but Leo assured me they were. Smiling, he plucked a blossom from a nearby tree and put it into my hand. I felt a tingling sensation, for it seemed to be vibrant with life and love. I examined each petal closely. Such delicate beauty in a material object was almost impossible to credit. But I have the flower still, for it will never fade. It is a continual reminder of that wonderful sphere where all men and matter have shed yet another dimming veil and moved a step further towards ultimate perfection.

Leo had suggested that we might like to meet some of the Masters whose co-operation has made these messages possible. This, indeed, was the object of our visit. Just as the central temple on our sphere is a predominant feature of the landscape, here, too, a temple of indescribable perfection overshadowed all other buildings. Like a central sun it appeared to radiate light. These beams, Leo assured us, penetrated to

every corner of this sphere and that our own temple, on the lower sphere, was in direct contact with its powerful vibration. He told us that these temples are a feature of every sphere in the ascending scale and are, indeed, power houses of divine energy. This one was in the shape of a pyramid. It had the appearance of a flawless jewel, flashing and scintillating like a gigantic diamond. In fact, so dazzling were the lights reflected from it, that it was impossible to glimpse it for any length of time.

We would have dearly loved to have seen the interior, but Leo said this would not be possible for us yet, as the powerful vibrations would be more than we could stand.

Our destination was a lovely dwelling set in a garden of unimaginable beauty. I am at a loss to describe it to you. Here, we were welcomed by a being of such regal bearing that I felt we must be in the presence of a god. All that Leo had told us of these Masters had not prepared me for their

dazzling spiritual radiance. I am not permitted to reveal the identity of the three to whom we were introduced, but all have lived and served on earth.

For all their exalted spiritual appearance, they greeted us quite naturally and, quickly, made us feel at ease. I have used so many superlatives in my attempt to describe this sphere to you, that I feel you are becoming impatient with me. I will not attempt to describe the interior of this beautiful palace, beyond saying that it appeared to be constructed of pearl, radiating purity and peace.

I felt sure we could not have remained for long in such a rarefied atmosphere without feeling strain and after talking for a while, we were led out into the exquisite garden and permitted to admire its many wonderful features. I was particularly attracted by a “vine” that in appearance was not unlike the humble pumpkin that abounds on earth. It was in full bearing and for

all its ethereal quality, it seemed to me to be an incongruous object in such surroundings. Leo laughed at my astonishment and said he would ask one of the Masters to explain it. The Master’s eyes twinkled with mirth as he sensed my amazement. “We keep that vine for the very purpose of attracting the attention of visitors,” he said. “It is such a perfect example of the logical working of the mind of God and it illustrates clearly what I am about to tell you. Here, you have an example of the one-in-many and the many-in-one. Just as the life force that gives energy to every fruit and tendril of this plant stems from the one root source, so are the many human souls infused with the emanations of one Spirit. This we call the Group Soul. As you will observe, the fruits of this plant are all at different stages of development. Some have reached maturity, while others are as yet only at the commencement of their development within the flower. Yet all are united on the one vine. It is thus with the souls of men. In the human garden

of God there are many such vines and in the final harvest, the fruit will be gathered together and the seeds of that which has reached maturity will again be scattered, to take root and bear fruit. Not all who are born on earth return to earth; yet, just as each individual seed of this particular vine, no matter from which item of the ripened fruit it is taken, will reproduce the characteristics of the parent source, so with the souls of men. This, in the latter case, you term reincarnation.”

I am afraid I did not grasp the full meaning of what he was trying to convey, but it has given us all food for thought, a subject for discussion at my group meetings. I am sure it will be of interest to you also, As everyone on this side says, we had many wonderful illustrations around us while on earth, yet very few of us took the trouble to study nature, or even give a thought to its implications in the divine scheme.

Our visit to this wonderful sphere in the great cosmic universe has made me feel very humble

indeed. That three such exalted Masters should have descended from even higher spheres to this mutual meeting ground, to bless and encourage us, fills me with awe.

My great desire to renew the direct contact with my beloved family on earth, received their blessing in the first place. Through their love and understanding, the channels have been opened that have made these communications possible. Had I realized in the beginning the enormous outpouring of energy that would be required and the vast network of human souls that would be involved, I doubt if I would have had the temerity to make such a request. Yet my desire was known, even before I was born into this world of spirit. The path was already prepared when I arrived. Such is the love and wisdom of the Divine Spirit to whom the past, present and the future are one.

In the fulfilment of this desire a great outpouring of love has been released to the earth; many will

share in the blessing of the Masters whose love and compassion it turned towards all humanity and whose energies are directed in opening any channel that will help to promote earthly understanding and peace.

I am most grateful to all who have helped us. It has been a thrilling experience for me. I have not always succeeded in conveying to you the exact replica of my thoughts. But it does not really matter, for our main object has been achieved. You no longer think of us as beings or angels, vaguely floating about some nebulous heaven, but now realize that we are very much alive. You know now that death is no barrier to our love. If this realization is awakened in the minds of others who mourn their loved ones, then a great forward step will have been achieved.

“Life is real. Life is earnest.
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.”

God bless each one of you, my darlings. Your loving Mother.

EPILOGUE

MESSAGES FROM THE SPHERES OF LIGHT

I

Beloved, the nature of the Heavenly Father is greatly confused in the minds of men. For they have clothed the divine in a garment of mortality in their conception of the Supreme Being.

Divine Spirit permeates all men and all matter and knows only perfection. The evils you see around you, of discords and disharmony, are but the projections from the minds of men. They are not of God. Man did not evolve from an ape as your scientists would have you believe. Nor was the advent of man, on earth, an accidental happening.

Greatly evolved souls descended from the Spheres of Light to people the earth. In the early days of human history, *the Divine Spirit was understood and contact with the Divine Spirit*

maintained. Separation came later, through the wilful misuse of the tremendous forces of nature.

Thus man caused his own destruction. Those who survived the cataclysm, knowing their guilt, created a religion of fear and blamed the wrath of God. They went still further. They fragmented their original conception of the Source of All, worshipping a multitude of gods and goddesses, from whom they begged both favours and propitiation.

The cult of human sacrifice was introduced by priests and their victims were those who opposed this doctrine. This, as you are aware, has persisted through the ages. Any who retained their contact with the world of spirit were condemned as witches and sorcerers and destroyed. The power passed to the priests and your world was ruled by fear.

Today, chaos reigns. Chaos in all forms and in international patterns. Many evolved souls, however, have made the attempt to bring

enlightenment, once more, to your world. Both the enlightened Gautama Buddha and the Master Jesus tried. Both met with little success, for yet again, the minds of men have been directed away from spirit by priestly temporal power.

With Christianity, the deflection has been the worship of the individual, and, in consequence, many are the crimes perpetuated in the name of that particular religion. But evolution is of the soul. It is a pressing forward to greater heights of spiritual enlightenment and acceptance of the great cosmic love that yearns for expression.

Many of the black races are, as yet, unawakened to spiritual truth. They seek only for material gain and, in this, they are but following the example of their white brothers who should be more enlightened, but who have betrayed their trust of guardianship.

With whom does the responsibility lie? With man, or with God?

II

Let us analyse, yet more carefully, the modern confusion of the earthly scene. All is not dark; rather is there much mingling of darkness and light in this maelstrom of vibrations.

I see that consciousness is dawning in your mind of the great cosmic bond that is operating in your world, today. This is the bond of returning souls. The haste, the confusion, the senseless discord; all is but outward seeming, of hate and of love, strangely intermingling. Pity those who are caught in this whirlpool of the millstream of cause and effect. Pity those who have not yet grasped the life-line of consciousness of the ever-present love and protection of the Divine Spirit. For they are ruled by fear, which in turn, breeds hatred and violence.

Every vibration on the earth has been stepped up, because you stand now at the threshold of a new era. Men are reaping the harvest of their sowing. Those who have sown violence will reap

violence. Those who have sown peace will reap peace. For the harvest must be shared by all mankind; no man standing alone in his guilt, nor in his glory. Each is a fragment of the whole.

Yet, my beloved, all is not lost; for I would reveal to you that within the law is yet a greater law, *the law of transmutation*. Many are they amongst you who have returned to the earth at this time of crisis, to enact this law's fulfilment, as a voluntary service to all their brothers.

Had mankind accepted and understood the teachings of the Master Jesus, the plan for your earth would have taken a vastly different course and the advance to perfection have been achieved with greater speed. However, mankind proceeded, unheedingly, upon a materialistic course, largely losing touch with the spiritual life-line of soul communion with the inner presence. Thus the harvest of their folly is upon them, but with the crumbling of the material edifice that they have built, the dross will be

burnt away and the clear light of truth revealed. This will not be accomplished without suffering; yet, my beloved, much may be accomplished by those amongst you who have perceived the power of spirit, to turn the tide of disaster.

As you have perceived, there is, in the minds of men on earth, an inner urgency, seeking outlet. In many it takes strange forms of violence and perversion, alternating with the noblest intentions and ideals. This condition, you will observe, is, greatly, on the increase today. The perceptions of men are quickened through the outpourings of cosmic power and this power may be used for good, or evil. Frequently, both qualities are manifested in the individual, in equal strength.

Only by courage and understanding may men be helped by those of you who have chosen this work. You must raise yourselves above emotion and hold man's divine essence up to the clear field of cosmic power. It is not enough to direct

rays of perfection to earth bodies, for this dense material fog deflects the power and much is lost. Yet divine power is ever invincible.

III

Beloved, I bring you greetings from the Brotherhood of Light.

My beloved, I would tell you that I am always with you, protecting and guarding, for we, on this side, consider you an important instrument for the furthering of our work on earth. Instruments are needed now, as never before in the history of your planet. Indeed, this is a momentous year and marks a beginning and an end of an era of evolution in the cosmic spheres, which will have repercussions, not only on earth, but in many planets and other planes of thought and action far beyond your understanding, or imagining. There has been a vast concentration of energy from the cosmic spheres, which has been brought to a focal point at this time. A large measure of this energy has been and will be

directed to mankind at your stage of evolution, both on your planet and to others in galaxies far removed. This we do not ask you to attempt to understand, for the reasons are beyond your comprehension. But we do ask that you should direct your thoughts upward in a seeking for higher levels of attainment and that you should open your hearts and minds to the divine flow of cosmic energy. It is thus that the God Consciousness within you will be awakened to a realization of the encompassing love and compassion of the Divine Spirit, and self-realization will be attained. Tread fearlessly on the path, for though thousands may fall to the right and to the left of you, if you will but keep your minds single to the truth, no harm shall come nigh you.

Go forward in confidence, my beloved. Listen to the still small voice within and be guided accordingly.

THE END